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WE cannot, in commencing this series of articles, place a more worthy or illustrious name at the head of living painters than WILLIAM HILTON; who, in conjunction with Etty, nobly supports the dignity of historic art, and stands pre-eminent in this respect among forty painters, members of the British Royal Academy; the reason for which is not that the English school of historical painting is deficient in genius, but that genius has not experienced reciprocal encouragement from the nation at large. But little, however, as encouragement has been extended, yet the Englishman of true patriotic feeling can still be proud of an illustrious assemblage of men, great in genius, and immortal in reputation—men who, with a martyr-like devotion, sacrificed life itself, and scorned every alluring blandishment of society, to accomplish a fixed principle of taste, to add glory to art, and honour to their native country. And yet from that country all sacrifices have been returned with cruel and chilling neglect. Historical painting, more than any other style, appealing directly to the mind, of course can only be duly appreciated by those of imaginative and poetic feelings. The true test of civilization in any country can only therefore be attested by its high appreciation for works of mind and genius. Tried then by this severe, and just standard, England can lay claim but to very partial advancement as a refined nation. Her neglect and supineness towards literature, science, and art, is proverbial, and neither as a nation, nor as individuals, with the solitary exception of Alderman Boydell, has this country displayed that emulous and highly wrought feeling of enthusiasm, which could ever prove her sympathy

with the feelings and sufferings of genius. Yet while this "damning proof" is incontrovertible, her readiness to do homage to departed genius, her reverence of posthumous fame, stands ever foremost as a solemn mockery of feeling and refinement. Barry, that great but despised man, was neglected in life, yet in death the proudest of England's aristocracy contested to bear his pall to the grave! What is this but mockery? mockery repugnant to taste and feeling, and disgraceful to humanity in an enlightened age. The age, however, that sneered at the philosophic sacrifices of Barry has passed away, and that posterity, to which he trusted for a just appreciation of his genius, now acknowledges his worth with feelings of unbounded reverence and esteem.

Hilton, like all great geniuses in the historical school, for a long time warred with adversity and the world's neglect with philosophical resignation and firmness; with his soul bent on the study of history, he envied not the wealth of his more fortunate brethren in portrait painting. He has painted a great many works, but comparatively few to the number annually executed by portrait painters. In Lord de Tabley's collection in London was one of his earliest compositions, the Rape of Europa, a painting indicative of a powerful genius and high wrought feeling, which time has fully developed. It possesses a fiery vigour in the drawing, unity in composition, and admirable freshness and richness of colouring. At the sale of Lord de Tabley's collection this great work was purchased by the Earl of Egremont.

The great masters of Italy, France, and Spain, by their numerous works, and the high excellence of them, have as it were nearly exhausted the field for sublime historic painting. Taste, being made fastidious by the continued contemplation of a series of excellent works, loathes the very sight of a painting if it approaches not very *closely* to their beauty; the modern English historical painter has much, therefore, against which to contend. As yet, however, Hilton has nobly and ably supported his claim to rank with the illustrious masters of Italy, and in many respects superior to any of the English school. That power in which the majority of our artists are deficient, i. e. drawing, Hilton possesses in a most remarkable degree; for whatever may be his defects, incorrectness in this respect is seldom seen in his works. To form a fair and just estimate of the genius of Hilton, of his powers of invention, composition, expression and colour, we must refer not to his large but small sized paintings. The Raising of Lazarus, The Crucifixion, and The Angel releasing Peter, are proofs of his high feeling and devotion to historic art; but they do not suffi-

ciently affirm the real bent of his genius, nor display its native vigour. The Crucifixion, taken as a whole, is the finest scriptural painting on that subject that has ever been executed by an English painter. Raphael was indebted for his St. Paul to Masaccio, and Hilton looked to Titian for the foreshortened figure in this painting; but it would be base to cavil at so trifling an incident, considering more especially the authority for it in the divine Raphael and others. The Angel Releasing Peter, the last of his large paintings, failed in the character of the Angel. It carried too much of the heaviness and corporeal solidity of a human being, and was deficient in lightness of carriage and angelic expression of countenance. The figure of Peter was well drawn: the attitude and expression being elevated and appropriate. The groups of sleeping guards scattered in the foreground displayed the painter's fine and masterly power in drawing, and no less deep knowledge of harmony and colour. If we must admit that in these large compositions, Hilton fails, the failure is only perceptible when they are compared to his smaller and more vigorous works. It is not the failure of a little, but of a great mind; for had Hilton even relied for lasting reputation only on these failures, there is not a mind capable of appreciating the beauties of historic art, but would readily award to him the most unbounded approbation.

Hilton visited the Eternal City, the "Niobe of Nations," accompanied by Phillips the R. A. Time has attested with what different effects the wonders of the Vatican and Sistine has acted on the two with respect to grandeur and poetry of style. The Europa of the former possesses decidedly more strength of handling, more of the whirlwind-vigour and energy of Rubens, than any of his latter works. The aspiring and adventurous character of youthful genius, when the mind and heart have not yet experienced the deadening influence of the world's neglect—when the spirits, buoyant with overwhelming enthusiasm, grasps at all that is sublime in poetry, and grand and beautiful in art, was the master spirit which moved him in early days; and the cause why the vigour of Hilton should decrease, when both his perceptive and mechanical powers have increased, must be attributed to the world's "contumely," the chill of neglect. In his smaller compositions, however, a remnant of the energy of his Europa is still preserved. Sir Calepine, Rescuing Serena—from Spenser's Fairy Queen—is a fine composition. Hilton's knowledge in composition was never better displayed than in this piece. The picture is full of exquisite contrasts which powerfully explain the poet's tale, and blend admirably into vigorous expression as a whole. The beauty of the

bound and suffering Serena is contrasted with the demoniac and diabolical actions and looks of her tormentors; they again are in opposition to the noble and manly figure of the Knight. The drawing of Serena is particularly beautiful—the expression, not merely in the face but in every limb, is highly indicative of her perilous situation. No artist of the English school unites so fine a knowledge of historic art, and at the same time is equally great in colouring: the colouring also of this fine picture being rich, warm, and full of harmony. In the painting, i. e. the execution of the work, it reminds us more forcibly of the Europa than any other of his works: there is a vigour in the painting of Sir Calepine, and the priests, a sweeping energy in the whole, which was not apparent in the Crucifixion and his other large works. What we have said we think clearly proves then the fitness of Hilton for works of smaller size. Even however in the smaller scale he is prone to be somewhat tame, and dry in his execution; too fond of painting thinly, and using the softening brush; but whatever may be his defects on this head, he more than compensates for them, always by a display of the finest feeling, and highly wrought and lasting expression, with most admirable knowledge in composition. These are his redeeming qualities—qualities of the highest class and value.

Feeling and expression were never more finely illustrated by Hilton, than in his touching picture of Jacob parting from Benjamin, exhibited last year at the British Institution. The energy and pathos of the venerable patriarch as he embraces his youngest son, and his sublime resignation to the mercy of God which irradiates his aged countenance were never more truly nor touchingly depicted. As no man, we are sure, of proper feelings can look on that picture, but with his thoughts reverting to the Bible, so never can that beautiful tale be read, without Hilton's picture being present to his mind. Una seeking shelter in the Cottage of Coreeca, from Spencer also, was somewhat deficient of correctness in the drawing; the painter had relied too much on imagination. Rebecca and Abraham's Servant, now exhibiting at the Royal Academy, seems to be a companion to Jacob parting with Benjamin. The drawing in this picture is most exquisitely correct; and equally beautiful is the composition. Every figure is replete with character and expression. The attitude and devout expression of the Servant, fully realizes the passage of Scripture, "And I worshipped the Lord." The colouring of this painting equals any thing ever done by Hilton, while for originality, and classic purity and refinement, he has never surpassed it.

How strange and confounding is the anomaly, that the age which

produces a great historic genius, should suffer him to pine in solitude, and, with but few exceptions, reject the powerful creations of his mind! When England shall be numbered among the nations passed away in the dark efflux of time, how degrading and humiliating will her refinement and civilization appear to future ages, when they find that, while the enthusiastic and high born votary of historic art languished unheeded in his deserted studio, and the many noble creations of his soaring mind hung mouldering on his walls, the painting room of the fashionable portrait-painter was greeted with an assemblage of the wealth, rank and beauty of the land!

MODERN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

So numerous are the places of public worship that have been erected within the space of the last fifteen years, either in the metropolis itself, or the adjacent parishes—to say nothing of those built in various other parts of the kingdom, during the same period,—that these structures alone have furnished considerable employment to architects: we wish we could add that the improvements which have taken place in this particular department of architecture, were in exact ratio with the encouragement and opportunities thus afforded. So far from such being the case, this particular branch of architecture has, in our opinion, *progressed* less than any other. We do not, however, impute this entirely to the architects who have been thus employed, since one cause why this species of building has not kept pace with others, has been the necessity of adhering to certain forms and modes of arrangement, both internally and externally, a departure from which would have been considered a daring, if not an absolutely scandalous innovation. In fact, we ought to qualify the remark with which we have begun, since it by no means follows that, because a number of churches have been built, the opportunities afforded for the display of talent have been many. Some people may innocently suppose, that if the class of buildings we are now considering, do not exhibit so much excellence as could be wished, still they display the best talent that could be procured, and that a poor, common-place, or even faulty design would hardly be adopted, where any thing better had been submitted to the decision of those on whom the choice devolved. But this is a point not to be touched upon superficially; seeing that it would conduct us into an awfully perilous dilemma, and perhaps

compel us to make sundry highly unpalatable observations—among the rest, that affairs of this sort are, for some cause or other, generally considered to be mere jobs.

Quitting, therefore, this exceedingly uncertain ground, we will rather consider how far the charge of incompetency, which is so frequently alleged against the architects of the present day, is just. Admitting that the religious structures now raised are decidedly inferior to those erected at former periods, (nor do we pretend to dispute this) it does not follow either that our architects are unable to build piles of equal grandeur and magnificence, or that we are unable to compete with our ancestors in what regards durability of construction. Those who lament our sad degeneration in these respects, appear entirely to overlook a trifling incident in our national history, which some writers have thought proper to record,—we mean the little affair known by the name of the *Reformation*. This circumstance affords a satisfactory solution of what might otherwise seem inexplicable, namely, why in comparatively barbarous ages, and during periods of turbulence and discord, structures should have been raised which eclipse in sublimity and magnificence any thing that has been built, now that our national taste in other respects is so much improved, and our resources, notwithstanding our expenditure, are so much greater, all the arts of civilized life having been brought to such perfection. The ages of monastic seclusion and chivalry are gone by:—well, we regret neither the one nor the other, and unless we are greatly mistaken, even those who can find so much to admire in them, would not be among the first to hail their return. If there be any truth in history, those times were dark indeed; in turning over the pages that record them, we meet with a frightful catalogue of the most atrocious crimes, but in no one single chapter have we been able to discover the faintest trace of that ideal virtue and happiness so gratuitously imputed to what are designated the *Good Old Times*:* the “piety of our ancestors,” too, as it is generally phrased, appears to us to have been not entirely unexceptionable; at least, the early reformers did not feel quite satisfied as to its excellence. To speak truly, many a church, or other religious foundation, which the modern topographer ascribes to this same piety, had

* In what precise reign of our former sovereign these times are supposed to have existed we have been unable to ascertain; on the contrary, we generally find, that in summing up the characters of individuals, historians generally lay many of their vices and defects to the charge of the ignorance, depravity, or barbarism of the period when they lived. Even the golden days of Elizabeth were by no means distinguished by morality and decorum. Ed.

its origin in far different circumstances. The *pious* founder, hoping by this means, and by bequests to monasteries, to atone for a life of crime; of one thing he was certain, i. e. of acquiring a reputation for virtue, and that upon the easiest terms in the world.

Yet what, it will perhaps be asked, has all this to do with the subject matter of our paper? and, indeed, we admit that the transition from the point at which we set out is somewhat *lyrical*; still there is, we hope, a sufficiently visible connection; for desultory and rambling as our remarks may be deemed, they may serve to account very naturally for what appears not a little astonishing to many persons who complain of the degeneracy of our modern church builders, and who, for want of considering the vast difference both in the state of society, and in the form of religious worship, wonder, in their simplicity, that we no longer erect such fabrics as our ancient cathedrals. Looking at them with an artist's eye, we readily admit, that the sacred structures of our forefathers were in every respect admirable, and excellently adapted to the service of a religion made up of pageantry and pomp:—one that sought both to allure and to intimidate its followers, through the medium of the senses. What can be more impressive, even in its present state, than the interior of such a fabric as Westminster Abbey, “where long drawn aisles and fretted walls” vanish into mysterious obscurity—where the lofty vaulting of the roof is elevated to a height that mocks the pigmy stature of man—where every part tends to enhance the sublimity of the *ensemble*—and where even the quality of superfluity, both in dimensions and proportions, convinces the beholder that more regard has been paid to the honour of the worshipped, than to the mere convenience and necessities of the worshippers? Whatever they may have been in other respects, the priesthood of those days were assuredly wise in their generation; although we must allow that the mitred princes and their chapters had far different—we will not say worse—ideas of economy than commissioners, churchwardens, and vestry-clerks.

The Protestant form of worship is far less favourable to architecture than that of the Romish church; since, to say nothing of its rejection of painting, it requires edifices very differently planned. The religious processions, and numerous chapels and altars of the latter, call for an extent of space, that, so far from being necessary in our churches, would be attended with considerable inconvenience; it being of paramount importance, that all the congregation should be able to hear the preacher distinctly. Hence it follows, that instead of aiming at intended length, the protestant architect ought rather to limit the

extreme distance from the pulpit, to a space that will usually receive the voice when moderately exerted; while for the same reason, he should avoid as much as practicable, all breaks or recesses in the building, as impeding the transmission of sound; consequently, not only is that intricacy and recession of parts behind each other, which contribute in so eminent a degree to picturesque effect, utterly inadmissible, but even side aisles and galleries are attended with inconvenience. There is also another circumstance that detracts very materially from architectural beauty, and that is, the practise of dividing off nearly the whole of the area in our churches into pews: these are by no means ornamental in themselves, and by encumbering the lower part of the building, they certainly are injurious to simplicity, and produce a confused appearance. If they cannot be dispensed with, they might at least be rendered as more agreeable and harmonious features; and where the church is in the Gothic style, some hints with regard to their disposition and decoration might be derived from the stalls and *subsellia* in the choirs of our cathedrals. Another very important point to be considered is the mode of admitting light; and here, strange enough to say, our modern architects appear studiously to shun that method which has more advantages to recommend it, and fewer inconveniences to be objected to, than any other. In the Gothic style, the windows are both important and beautiful features; they harmonize with the other architectural forms, not merely in the shape of the aperture itself, but their mullions, transoms, and tracery,—to say nothing of rich compartments of stained glass, render them an epitome of, and in admirable keeping with, every other portion of the structure. They afterwards became mere glazed apertures, not only entirely destitute of even the slightest embellishment, but presenting an aspect of positive meanness, giving not an air of cheerfulness, but a cold, raw, unfinished look to the interior. This is the case with the churches erected during the last century, and that which preceded it; all of which have large circular-headed windows, filled with the most ordinary glass set in dingy lead. Modern architects have in some degree remedied this defect, and introduced a more consistent style, by judiciously making use of ground glass, relieved by a border of tinted glass round the window, by which means external objects are excluded. In point of hue, likewise, windows of this kind harmonize better with the general surface of the walls; so that if they are not beautiful in themselves, they are less positively offensive. Still it would be better did the glass itself partake of some warm tint; or rather, were the panes of two different tints, disposed either alternately or in different

figures.* But we would rather recommend, as by far the most preferable mode of lighting buildings of this class, that windows in the lateral walls should be avoided altogether, at least very nearly so, and that sky-lights, whether horizontal or vertical, or partaking of the form of a dome, should be substituted in lieu of them. When the light is thus admitted from above, not only is the effect far superior, as must be obvious to any one who has ever been either in the sculpture galleries at the British Museum, or in the Bank of England, but the light itself is more equally diffused. Cross lights, so injurious to the beauty of architecture, are avoided, and there is a far greater degree of light in proportion to the size of the window. Notwithstanding, however, the example of the Pantheon at Rome, which architects have praised so liberally, and from which they have copied so sparingly, our builders still adhere in this respect to the practice of the middle ages; although, as we have already observed, their windows do not, like those peculiar to the pointed style, contribute to heighten the effect of the other parts. Another advantage that would result from adopting the mode here proposed, is, that the architect would be more unfettered with regard to external design, for it is acknowledged, that windows, unless very sparingly introduced, not only cut up the composition, but are totally at variance with that classical style which is now affected. There are many other circumstances with regard to the interior of churches, which require consideration, but which we must here pass by for want of room. We may, however, observe in general, that our architects very rarely aim at originality, their chief study being to provide as many seats as the area of the building will admit; consequently, architectural beauty is sadly sacrificed to economy of space, so much so, that even did the church of England tolerate painting, there would be no room for decoration of this kind. To say the truth, it rarely happens that any thing at all of mere embellishment is admitted, or when it is, it is of such a trivial character, as to cause no regret that it should be so seldom applied. In speaking of embellishment, we do not mean that a place of worship should be fitted up

* It is indeed rather extraordinary, among all their endeavours after novelty, that architects should never have attempted any variety in this respect, but uniformly divided their windows into parallelograms. Now, although in the form of the aperture of the window and its external embellishment, we follow the ancients, as they have left us no example of the glazed window itself, there would surely be no impropriety in adopting various forms for this purpose, such as octagons, hexagons, &c., similar to those in the soffits of entablatures and ceilings; since it would be so far from departing from the general character of his style of architecture, that it would rather produce a greater degree of harmony throughout.

like a ball room or theatre, but that, on the contrary, the decorations should be of such a character as to add to its solemnity; whereas, some of our modern churches, although by no means richly ornamented, have a rather flaunting, showy appearance, and a certain smack of the upholsterer's shop, neither very dignified nor particularly becoming. One of the most beautiful modern places of worship we recollect ever to have seen, is the chapel at Greenwich Hospital, which has most assuredly no rival in the metropolis itself: every part is elaborately finished, and the whole richly—not to say profusely—decorated; and yet the general effect is anything but gaudy. Here, too, we may observe, how greatly the absence of pews improves the architectural character of the place.

Having briefly adverted to some of the unfavourable circumstances with which the architect has to contend, in disposing the interior of a Protestant church, we will now, before we criticise any of the recently-erected buildings of this description, make a few general remarks relative to the prevailing exterior form. Till of late years, a steeple was considered to be a sufficiently distinctive accompaniment to a church, but it should seem that a portico is now held to be almost equally indispensable; nor will we deny that, so far, a great improvement has taken place, compared with the mean and bald style which had prevailed, with few exceptions, during the two last centuries. It must be confessed, however, that the quality of that feature is by no means so much regarded as could be wished: with enough to satisfy the ignorant, there is frequently more than enough to mortify the real connoisseur. The superiority we have just admitted, arises rather from a certain degree of picturesque beauty and elegance attending this disposition of columns, than from any superior skill or taste evinced by the architect. Unless palpably faulty, or very absurdly applied, things of this kind will always be pleasing to a certain degree; at least, at the first glance, for the intelligent spectator soon becomes dissatisfied when he discovers that a building will not endure the test of a scrutinizing examination, and when, instead of detecting new beauties, he perceives that the result is not at all in proportion to the means employed. He must be a wretched architect indeed, who, with the help of columns and other ornaments, is unable to produce something that shall not be offensive: even a very mediocre artist can *manufacture* a tolerably decent copy from a good original: there will indeed be nothing of the spirit or feeling of his prototype,—none of the finer touches and more delicate tints,—but there will at least be the same composition—the same masses in the same distribution of

light and shade. Now, we are greatly afraid that many of not our worst architects, are far more indebted to a certain knack in copying judiciously than to any decided talent of their own: indeed, we should not perhaps be very far from the truth, were we to say that some of them evidently design merely *by rote*, and so far from making the most of their subject, evince no feeling for the beauties they affect to imitate: for even should all that is borrowed be strictly true to the original, it rarely happens that the rest of his building is in perfect accordance with this; his own homely drugget is not much improved in appearance by the *purpurea penna* thus stitched on. And verily, there are few of the profession who might not study to advantage the two old-fashioned fables, in which something is said touching an ass in a lion's skin, and a jackdaw strutting in borrowed plumes. One architect copies the portico of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at Egina; another that of the Erechtheum; and as far as regards the things themselves they are beyond doubt exceedingly fine: nay we will even allow that it is even meritorious to give us fac-similes of this kind, as they enable us to form a complete idea of the respective originals in their pristine state, and are equally valuable as studies. It is not these particular instances that we object to; but we do condemn that system of mere imitation—of blind, random copying, which is so prevalent. Unless an architect can add some happy idea of his own, some trait of originality so as to put his own individual stamp on what is common property, he may, indeed, show his taste in choosing a beautiful model, but has no more, perhaps less, right to claim any share in it, than the workman who executes from the plans thus prepared: he is merely the *editor* of another man's works. After all, too, we have yet to learn what greater degree of talent is required for the mere copying columns and their entablature than any other parts of an edifice; especially when, as generally happens, these columns have been copied before, times innumerable. In fact while nearly every other architectural feature evinces, more or less, some degree of design, the columns are copied with the most scrupulous—we might say slavish,—observance of some particular example. Columns, and the other individual parts of buildings are, like words, the mere elements of the language in which the architect expresses his ideas: they resemble them moreover in this, that they are *feræ naturæ*; for although no one can claim an exclusive right in them, every one may avail himself of them, and make them his own, only by the combination which he gives them, and by the harmony and intelligence which they assume under the direction of a master spirit. Tried by this

standard, the merit of architects will be found to be nearly altogether confined to construction; for with regard to design, even the cleverest give us very little that can be termed their own; for, strange to say, they rather pride themselves on *quoting* correctly the ideas and very expressions of the ancients, than aim at originality.

Let us, however, quit these somewhat indefinite strictures, for what applies more immediately to the class of buildings of which we are now treating. As it is very possible to copy the portico of a Grecian temple, and yet apply it so injudiciously as to lose nearly all its beauty, so is it equally possible, on the other hand, to depart considerably from the plan adhered to by the ancients, and thereby obtain great variety and richness of effect, without the least prejudice either to propriety or good taste. Now Grecian architecture is,—as even its warmest admirers must allow,—sufficiently monotonous, nearly all the temples of antiquity; being constructed according to one plan; but instead of attempting to introduce greater variety in the disposition of porticoes, the architects of the present day limit themselves to a single row of columns. There is not even a solitary example, that we are aware of, in which the *Pronaos** has been introduced; although were it adopted, it would impart a richness and variety to the aspect of a building, which we do not at present find in our *soi-disant* Greek architecture; more particularly if the floor of this second portico were a little raised above that of the outer one, as is the case in the Parthenon, where there is an ascent of two steps. It is true that, occasionally, the portico not only projects from the building, but is also recessed or carried within the general line of the front; as for instance at Hanover Chapel, Regent Street; nor do we deny that, so far as it goes, this method is recommended both by convenience and beauty, inasmuch as it not only gives additional space, but produces that depth of shade so essential to the picturesque character of architecture. Still it has by no means the richness and variety that would arise from the introduction of columns in such a situation; and that we should refuse to avail ourselves of what would prove such a source of novelty, is not a little extraordinary, more especially as it is perfectly *legitimate*, being authorized by the practice of the ancients themselves.† Very rarely, too, do we meet with a portico whose projection exceeds a single intercolumn; and hence, independently of

* The *Pronaos* may be described as an inner porch or vestibule, separated from the outer portico by a second row of columns.

† As it may, perhaps, occur to some of our readers that there is an instance of the kind in the *loggia* of Clarence House, in the Stable Yard, we deem it right to say

the too great similarity in this respect between one building and another, this part has not sufficient depth to give the idea of its being adequate to its purpose, namely, that of sheltering the entrance. In this respect the portico of St. Martin's Church, and that of St. George's, Bloomsbury, possess a decided superiority over many of later date. Another consequence arising from not bringing the portico more forward, is that the tower and steeple appear to rest upon it; besides which the pediment becomes nearly as useless as if it were placed against the front wall of the building itself, as the roof which it represents, is immediately cut off by the tower, or base of the steeple. This defect is obvious in that otherwise exceedingly beautiful piece of architecture, the new church of St. Pancras; and yet the pediment could not have been omitted without entirely altering the character of the portico; very much too, for the worse, this feature being professedly a copy from one of the most elegant monuments of antiquity. To say the truth, the steeple proves, in more ways than one, a real *crux architectorum*: there is hardly one design that is either tolerable in itself, or that is in unison with the other features of the building, or we might even say that it all partakes of the character of the Grecian style. If therefore the incongruity visible in these erections is not to be attributed so much to want of talent on the part of the architect, as to the impossibility of giving a classical air to a part for which there is no precedent in the remains of antiquity, it would be consulting taste as well as economy were this superfluity entirely omitted, and mere belfries substituted in lieu of it. In our opinion, however, the many and notable instances of failure with regard to steeples, are owing in a great degree to architects having borrowed their ideas from the towers and spires of Gothic churches, and applying to another and totally different style, forms and combinations perfectly irreconcilable with it. For the same reason, because light and tapering forms and extraordinary height are beauties in Gothic architecture, they have, as far as has been possible, effected the same; without even suspecting that they might be proceeding on a very erroneous principle, and that consequently the closer they adhered to such a model, the more desperate was the chance of succeeding. Now, mere height alone, unless it bears some kind of proportion to the other parts of the structure, so far from

that this has not escaped our notice; yet it is such a very poor and miserable affair, that it would be hardly just to take this as a specimen of the species of portico we would recommend, for so far from bearing us out in what we have said, it would rather prejudice any one against any attempt of the kind.

constituting a beauty, becomes a positive fault; for to say nothing of the effect a lofty superstructure of this kind must have in diminishing the apparent size of the portico, it can neither be carried up like the square tower of a Gothic church, which rises at once from the ground, and has its angles fortified by buttresses; nor can it be made to taper to a point, in a simple and graceful manner, like a spire; while the mode necessarily resorted to of breaking the height into different stages or stories, in order to diminish the width of the structure as it ascends, is as foreign from the genius of one style, as it is from the other. The steeple of St. Pancras possesses more beauties and fewer faults than any other: the general outline is graceful, the parts are few, simple, and well combined, and the whole is judiciously proportioned to the rest of the edifice. Still we hardly know whether we should not give the preference to that of St. George's, Bloomsbury, which, while it assumes the tapering form of a spire, is perfectly consistent in its architecture; and has an air of elegant lightness without any sacrifice of that appearance of solidity so essential to the character of the style to which it belongs. Yet, strange to say, this steeple has hardly ever been praised as it deserves, while so many others, decidedly inferior, have been extolled infinitely beyond their merits: and yet, after all, the reason of this is obvious enough, for those who criticise buildings merely talk by rote, and cry up at the present day what might have been the best specimen of its kind a century ago, but which would, if produced now, be very justly condemned. The length of our article compels us to reserve the remainder for a future Number.

THE POACHER.

THE true destination of art, is not merely to gratify the sight but to satisfy the mind; or, in other words, to excite ideas nearly or remotely connected with the subject of the picture. These ideas, of course, will be reflected agreeably to the association of the individual, his education, his course of thinking, and his habits in life. A painting may be disregarded by some, that will fix the attention of others; and this brings me to the point which happened in my own case.

It was in the spring of 1829 that I visited the works of art in the Suffolk Street Gallery, where, among other subjects, a drawing of a Poacher attracted my attention.

The artist has represented his Poacher flying at full speed over the trackless heath, followed by his dog, splashing through pool and mire, amidst storm and tempest; the panting steed (from the action of his ears) seems to partake of the rider's emotion and terror. All this might happen to any man crossing a common in a storm of thunder and lightning; but to mark his character and show the distinction of the Poacher the artist has introduced a gibbet, equally an object of fear as of crime, and in all respects seems to have associated the robber, the murderer, and the poacher, under the same class.

The poacher is by land, what the smuggler is by sea, but many very good sort of people who know their habits, and that their traffic is an offence against the laws of the country, do not hesitate to purchase brandy of the one or game of the other. Tell these people they are defrauding the revenue, but to this their conscience makes no response. Their ideas upon the subject are fleeting and indistinct, the word revenue in their minds comprehends an overgrown something of such vast dimensions that a little taken from it cannot be missed. But leaving these matters to government cutters by sea and gamekeepers by land, as belonging to a preventive service, take a view of the poacher apart from what he is in the eye of the law, but most especially in that of the sportsman fenced in by preserves, manor rights, and all the *et cetera* of privileges, whether of fortune or license; and it may be that our artist, in his accessory of the gibbet, has overstepped the measure he has taken of his Poacher's deserts.

It might have been imagined, that what has been said by the able writer of "the Country Curate" upon the subject of poaching, would have settled the question as to its criminality, not as it is seen in the eye of the law, but through the medium of reason and conscience, showing instances where, as matter of self-defence, game may, and ought to be destroyed, without subjecting the party to a criminal prosecution, or denouncing him as a thief, a robber, or a proscribed character; and where property so called, and so destroyed, cannot be said exclusively to belong to any one.

It cannot be denied that clandestinely entering plantations, enclosed grounds or gardens, for the purpose of seeking and killing game, is criminal; but if the property thus bred in plantations, gardens, or preserves, come in the shape of hares, partridges, pheasants, or game of any kind, and destroy the trees or crops of the farmer, great or small, and he in defence of his property shoot any of these creatures—to prosecute, fine, or imprison the party so doing, to pursue him to ruin, and involve his family in the same calamity, must appear to all

but a thorough bred sportsman unjust and tyrannical in the highest degree.

In the eye of reason and common sense, there is little or no difference between one who kills game for sport, and one who destroys it as a nuisance; yet the law has made a woful distinction, and the latter is brought into the predicament of pains and penalties for killing that which cannot, in many instances, be said to belong to any body; but the bitter spirit in which the act is viewed by the country gentleman, the lord of the manor, and all concerned in the preservation of game, renders it no other than that of fraud and robbery in him who, without privilege or license, shall destroy it.

The aristocracy of the hunting and shooting world would say, in the case of a highwayman or housebreaker, "Why let the poor devil go,—consider the temptation,—the state of his family;" but of the destroyer of game—had he twenty necks all would deserve a halter.

Dibdin in his musical tour, relates a circumstance which fully illustrates this vindictive feeling. A gentleman from London visiting his friend in the country, was invited to accompany him to a bowling green in the neighbourhood. In the course of the play, which was pursued with great ardour, and in which the Londoner did not take an equal interest, he fell into conversation with a gentlemanly looking person, whose intelligence and manners made ample amends for any loss he might have sustained from not partaking of the excitement of the bowling party, or the interest of the game.

It was some time before his country friend found leisure to attend to any thing but that which was going forward: in which time he could not help remarking, that the person with whom he had been conversing appeared a stranger to all around him, and even that some of the company seemed to eye both himself and the stranger with looks of ill omen to them both. At length being joined by his friend, and parting company with the gentleman by whom he had been so much entertained, he put the question as to who and what the stranger was, and was answered, or rather apostrophized with,

"Oh! don't mention the scoundrel,—but how should you know any thing about him?"

"Why! what is he?—what has he been guilty of?"—eagerly enquired the Londoner.

"What has he done! but no matter, you'll not believe it."

Here the enquirer began to conjure up crimes of every hue and character, and put in,

"Oh! I suppose he's a swindler, a black leg, perhaps"——

"Perhaps! no perhapses"—then drawing his friend aside, he poured the dreadful secret into his ear.

"He has been suspected, and indeed it is pretty well known to be the fact, that he has killed a *bitch fox big with cub.*"

It may easily be imagined the surprise with which a London merchant would be impressed at such a relation, and his wonder that destroying an embryo nuisance with its dam, should brand a man with infamy, and make him an object of abhorrence to any class of beings who call themselves natural.

It is thus that men in their own partial and often selfish views, give to acts of simple offence, indifferent in themselves and no ways injurious to society, the characters of crime and guilt. It may in a thousand instances be said of game, what, or something like it, Iago says of gold,

"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may belong to thousands."

Yet we find a man branded with infamy for killing that at one time which the sportsman or the privileged intend doing at another. Nor is this abhorrence of the game destroyer an exclusive emotion; it operates also against those who are permitted by the proper authorities to course or shoot upon a corporate manor, who will by some of its members be regarded with a jealous eye, and if the person so allowed be a good shot, the well filled pocket or bag, as well as the party, will be in danger of curses deep, though not loud, by some of the corporate body, envious of his good sport, and who would if they could, become the sole proprietors of hare, pheasant, and partridge, from one end of the country to the other; for, like avarice or ambition, the passion for field sports and the enmity against invaders of them, know no bounds.

Without attempting to excuse the invasion of right and property in matters of game, it may reasonably be asked, how stands the comparison of a smuggler or poacher, who risk their lives and know the result is death or transportation, or the chance of it at some time or other. With the well dressed swindler, who with a bow and a grin enquires the rent of your premises, takes possession of them, furnishes the house throughout with the most expensive articles, orders meat from the butcher and wine from the merchant, without the least intention of paying a shilling for them. Yet the artist never thinks of representing this man starting at the sight of offended justice, or flying along the streets in a storm of thunder and lightning as one conscience-stricken might be. No, a fellow like this will attend an execution of the more bold and daring robber with an undisturbed pulse; congratu-

tulate himself on his own security and dexterity; return to his house or lodging, write cards of invitation to a large dinner party, and leave the dupes of his friend to get their money as they may.

Under this class come also your gamblers, defaulters, fraudulent bankrupts, &c., say two-thirds of mankind, in what is called civilized society. Now on which of these, the infringer of the game laws, or any of the above class, would the impartial judgment of mankind let the sword of justice fall with all its weight, the man who kills a hare upon your estate, or he who takes estate and all? Yet it is probable you may have been more shaken with passion and filled with hatred against the lesser of these offenders. Is not the gambler admitted into what is called the best society—nor is the defaulter always a banished man—while the fraudulent bankrupt makes his bow to his creditors, and with his shilling in the pound dividend, is again seen behind his counter, or at his desk during the morning, and in his gig on his way to his country house in the evening? His creditors smarting under their losses, are put upon still shorter allowance in their domestic comforts or needful relaxations, or it may be, along with other privations, the loss of liberty.

Now if an artist wishes to exercise his pencil as a graphic moralist, any of the above would afford him a subject. Let him represent an industrious family, suffering in prison or elsewhere from losses sustained by swindler, defaulter, or fraudulent bankrupt, and it will need all the pathos of his art to show one half the misery that some have endured under such circumstances; and when he has done his best to represent the disconsolate parents and their bereft offspring, he might by way of contrast, and as a companion to his picture, give the swindler of any class rioting in prodigality—fill his room with gaiety and guests, and spread his table with every luxury of the season. Then let the accessory in the shape of print or painting, like the handwriting on the wall, in some appropriate emblem point out his deserts and punishment. Here the storm and the gibbet would certainly be in keeping.

BOW BRIDGE.

A MEETING of Trustees of the Middlesex and Essex turnpike roads has recently been held, for the purpose of further considering the expediency of altering or rebuilding Bow bridge; which, though venerable for its antiquity, is extremely inadequate to the vastly increased

intercourse of the present day. A report on the subject was drawn up in 1828 by an eminent engineer, (Mr. Walker) to which I shall occasionally refer in the following observations.

The erection of the bridge is generally attributed to Maud, Queen of Henry I. and its arched form is said to have given rise to its designation. (Hume says * Matilda the *Empress* was the first who built a stone bridge in England; but this confusion of the title of Henry's daughter with that of his wife seems an inadvertence into which other writers have fallen,† unimportant indeed to the general reader, but of consequence to the topographer.) Morant, in his valuable History of Essex,‡ thus relates its origin:—"The ancient road from this county to London was by old Ford; i.e. through the ford there, without a bridge. But that passage being difficult and dangerous, and many persons losing their lives, or being thoroughly wetted, as was the case with Maud, Queen consort of King Henry I. she turned the road from Old Ford to the place where it now is, between Stratford-Bow and Westham, and caused the bridges and causeways to be built and made at her own charge. And for the keeping of them in repair, she gave to the Abbess of Berking certain manors and a mill, called Wiggon Mill...."

"A modern author," says Mr. Walker, "states the original bridge to have consisted of one arch. I know not his authority for the assertion, but if it be correct, either the original bridge must have been taken down, or additional arches added to it afterwards. The former position is the more probable, as the two side arches appear of the same age, and as there is no indication of either abutment having been altered into a pier. I think, however, the fact of there having been originally one arch very questionable. The best authorities state

* His. Eng. conclusion of John.

† Although it would be irrelevant in the text, it may here be noticed that Sir Walter Scott seems to have amalgamated the two princesses, when he says, "that the Empress Matilda, though a daughter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards both Queen of England, and Empress of Germany, the daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs, was obliged, during her early residence for education in England, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only means of escaping the licentious pursuit of the Norman nobles." *Ivanhoe*, vol. 2. C. 9. Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, and niece to Edgar Atheling, had on her father's death, and the subsequent revolution in the Scottish government, been brought to England, and educated under her aunt Christina, in the nunnery of Rumsey. This Matilda died in 1119, leaving a daughter of her own name, who was betrothed in 1110 to the Emperor Henry V. and is the same who took so conspicuous a part in the affairs of the following reign.

‡ Hundred of Becontree, p. 20.

the bridge to have been allowed to go out of repair, it having become very ruinous, and been repaired and various alterations and additions made to it at different times; but I have not seen reason for concluding that an original bridge of one arch has been destroyed, and a new one substituted."

I am inclined to concur in this view of the subject. There is not, within my knowledge, in the architectural examples of the period, anything analogous to the obtuse form of arch requisite to afford a convenient roadway over a span of ninety feet; nor does it seem probable, that had such been the case, its superior effect and lightness, as well as its advantages to the navigation, would have been lost sight of by the builders of the present structure, and of London Bridge at a shortly subsequent period. The opinion may have originated in a passage of Stow.* "*Matilde, when she saw the way to be dangerous for them that travailed by the Old Foord over the river of Lue, (for she herself had been well washed in the water) caused two stone bridges to be builded. Of the which, one was situated over Lue at the head of the towne of Stratford, now called Bow, because the bridge was arched like a bow, a rare piece of work, for before this time the like had never been seen in England, the other over the little brooke commonly called Chavelse Bridge.*"† But it is not necessarily to be inferred, that the bridge therefore consisted of a single arch: (Bow Church, Cheapside,‡ named from similar circumstances, has the plural signification, *de arcubus* in the Latin) and such was evidently not the meaning intended to be conveyed.

The estates granted for the repair of these bridges, passed from the Abbess of Barking to the Abbot of Stratford; and in the time of Hen. III., it appears to have been necessary to levy a toll for their repair. "But Philip Basset, and the Abbot of Waltham, having broke the bar rather than pay the toll, the bridges and causeways remained unrepaired," and Eleanor, the queen of Henry, is said to have had them mended at her own charge.

From these accounts then we are left in doubt as to the identity of

* P. 139. Ed. 1631.

† This bridge still exists, and the similarity of its form manifests its contemporary origin.

‡ "This church, in the reign of King William the conqueror, being the first in this city (saith Stow) built in arches of stone, was therefore called New Mary Church, of S. Mary de Arcubus or le Bow, in West Cheaping; as Stratford Bridge being first built by Matilda the Queen, (wife to King Hen. I.) with arches of stone, was called *Stratford le Bow*, which name to the church and bridge remain to this day." *Newcomb's Repertorium* 1. 437.

the existing edifice with the foundation of Maud: Mr. Walker observes, "The resemblance between the form and the masonry of the oldest part of the arches and of London Bridge, which was begun in 1176 (about 60 years after the death of Queen Matilda) justifies the opinion that part of Bow Bridge is of very ancient date, but as the oldest arches are pointed, and as this form of arch was not introduced generally before the reign of Henry II., which commenced in 1154, twenty-two years before London Bridge was begun, I think it doubtful if any of the first arches remain: the foundations of the piers are more likely to be original."

We should not, however, wholly found our opinions on the mere figure of the arch; for although the round form continued to be used to the end of the Norman style, that is, until about 1190, the pointed arch must have been introduced much earlier; and it would appear, that for nearly a century, the round and pointed arches were promiscuously adopted, as best suited the convenience or taste of the builder. The Temple Church, Kirkstall, and Buildwas Abbies, present examples of their indiscriminate use.*

In acknowledging my incapacity to affirm—from the particulars which I have been enabled to collect—the originality of the existing arches, and the difficulty of determining their date; (which is increased by the absence of architectural ornament, and the alteration which has taken place in the general appearance of the bridge) I may be permitted to observe, that from a consideration of the great solidity of the work, and the smaller liability of this part to accident, together with the want of sufficient authority for assigning them to any other period, I am induced to think the arches may be original; and that the parapets or superstructures chiefly, were repaired in the reign of Henry III. and at various other times; but I have endeavoured to furnish an accurate representation of the arch on the Essex side, and now leave the subject for the decision of the antiquary.

J. M.

* Rickman's Essay on Gothic Architecture, ed. 3, page 48.

SPANISH TOWNS. No. IV.

SAN FERNANDO.

It is not to be expected that a quiet, unobtrusive, inland city, however rich in natural beauty or adventitious ornament, should figure in our geographies and our gazetteers like an overgrown Babylon of a place, dedicated to the interests of commerce or the gaieties of a court. One might nevertheless imagine, that were it only for precision's sake, the compilers of those generally useful manuals would take care to acquaint their readers with the existence, at least, of much less considerable populations than that which I am about to describe; but although the same objection probably will not apply with regard to the rest of Europe, the information they contain upon the subject of Spain is always scanty, and—owing, it is presumed, to the peculiar state of society, and the little accommodation afforded to travellers in that country,—often very inaccurate also. They say at Cadiz, where our dashing, well-appointed steam boats make their appearance with such surprising regularity, that we are “*buenos ingenieros*,” (good engineers) which is true; and as a long interval of peace has now given us the opportunity of making a complete and satisfactory survey of every part of it, though the picture thus slightly “rubbed in” by former masters, cannot be finished with all the minuteness of detail that could be desired, there is certainly no earthly reason why we should not effect some improvement in the outline: not that our ignorance of Spain is confined to localities merely, for of her social condition we unfortunately know still less than of her oppidial contents, as the diplomatic farces enacted from time to time at the political theatre of Madrid, and reported in our journals, sufficiently attest. To any one who has ever roamed in that part of the world, and had some slight intercourse with the people, nothing can appear more ludicrous than the idea of an individual setting out from little liberal, or, as many may think her, ultra-liberal England, to preach constitutional doctrines to the rulers of arrogant and contracted Spain. Ferdinand, who understands a jest far better than his English biographers give him credit for, must think it a richer piece of humour than any that has been related even of his eccentric countryman, the knight-errant himself, and he indulges, it is to be feared, however unfeelingly, in many a hearty laugh at the expense of his well-

intentioned visitors. No, the expense falls on the British public, for it is impossible but that his Excellency, presently after entering upon the functions of his office, must perceive that he has only come to the Spanish capital to be "trotted." Some eight or ten thousand a year salary, however, suggest to him the propriety of enduring the hoax for a season; but failing to accomplish the object contemplated at home, he is at length recalled, and we try another—and another. What respect was shown by the Spaniards for British interests while a single case of cholera continued to be reported in our papers? Our vessels were ordered to Port Mahon, an out-of-the-way place in the island of Minorca, where they were doomed to eke out the very maximum of quarantine, namely, forty days; and although the crews were then indulged with pratique, their cargoes were still subject to the additional penance of several days "expurgation," or detention, for the purpose of ventilating the goods. Even now an English vessel arriving off a Spanish port with "susceptible" articles on board, is kept aloof for a mitigated period. Any public communication we see from that city, is sufficient to prove to us that we are nobody at Madrid; but let us refer to the very latest received at the present writing, and see how matters stood as recently as the middle of May last. Here then we have an extract, and an exquisite *morceau* it is.

"Madrid, May 13, 1833.

"The departure of Sir Stratford Canning from this court is now decided on, and unless prevented by the occurrence of some unforeseen event, will take place in the course of this week. Thus the skill of that distinguished diplomatist has been baffled by the *tenacious adherence* of M. Zea to the policy adopted by him. The unusual [?] pertinacity on the part of the Spanish cabinet, can only be accounted for by the influence of a foreign power [sagacious influence!]
—probably Russia, and by supposing Spain to have received assurances of support from that power in case of need; or perhaps it may proceed from an opinion entertained here, that a change is about to take place in the ministry of England."—*Morning Herald*, May 25.

The reporter affects an Œdipus-like sagacity, a genius "*rerum cognoscere causas*," which he does not possess. Knowing, as he must, something of our "tottering state" at home, M. Zea thinks, of course, it would become us quite as well to mind our own business, as to be meddling in the concerns of Don Pedro and Don Miguel, and every sensible man will be of the same opinion.

What we so continually hear of Spanish bigotry, Spanish persecution, and Spanish poverty, if not pure invention, is, like the Duke of Wellington's nose in a caricature, always grossly exaggerated; for, in the first place, to offer some evidence of the fact, the buffooneries of the Spanish church, as exhibited in their annual processions during the holy week, seem just as preposterous to the Spaniards themselves as to us. They are a subject of merriment even to the *penitentes* and others employed in the execution of them; but considering it, upon the whole, at least as perfect as any other, they cling, one and all, with "tenacious adherence" to the established religion as the religion of their ancestors, content to retain with what is good and rational about it, that also which is vicious and absurd.

"By education most have been misled;
So they believe because they were so bred:
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man."

However, it is in these national attachments, or prejudices, that the strength of the empire chiefly, indeed entirely, consists; and, convinced of this, no one can reasonably wonder at the resistance offered by the government to any material change. In the next place, although his Catholic Majesty is wanton enough to inscribe himself in large staring characters on the marble lintels of the city gates, as an absolute king—REY ABSOLUTO—his subjects seem, nevertheless, to enjoy an abundance of that popular kind of impunity, vulgarly considered liberty, which permits them to utter *viva voce* almost any thing they please short of actual treason; and, accordingly, they go and abuse their saucy monarch, ministers and all, one to another in the crowded *plazas* and *alamedas* without the slightest fear of consequences. What can mortals wish for more? Finally, so far from being the beggars they are commonly represented to be, the poorer people are seldom or never to be seen in tattered habiliments; and as for the better, which may be compared to what, in England, have been called the middle classes, they have always plenty of dollars and doubloons in their pockets, which they spend in such profusion, that their foreign associates sometimes find it a hard matter to keep pace with them in the race of extravagance. They have a great love of leisure, and say that to toil, like ourselves, twelve hours a day is a species of negroism they cannot submit to, as it leaves no time for recreation; and that sentiment being universal among them, they are, of course, not likely to become willing converts to the prevailing system of cosmopolitism, the adoption of which would enable strangers of

more energetic and business-like habits to supersede them, in those various pursuits of life by which they obtain a subsistence. In other words, such is the obtundity of their faculties, that they cannot, for the life of them, see the wisdom of cutting their own throats to please their neighbours. Their respect for good descent is very general, and although, on the southern coast, traces of the Moorish character may be discovered in almost every countenance, they pride themselves not a little on the purity of their lineage; for a Spaniard, in spite of this circumstance, is always what he professes to be, and nothing else; whereas an Englishman, as his language would bespeak him to be, may prove an Irishman or a Scot; a Gibraltarian, an Indian, or even an American; and, aware of our confusion in this respect, they often betray a curiosity to learn something of our pedigree, in order that, without entertaining, perhaps, any very extraordinary predilection for either, they may at least have the satisfaction of distinguishing one from another. The majority of them have their escutcheons richly emblazoned and hung up in the *patio*, or some other conspicuous part of their houses, so that they may meet the eye of every one that enters. Their funeral restrictions seem highly *conservative*, for a Protestant corpse is denied sepulture in a Spanish grave. A young gentleman for example, a countryman of ours, having come out a short time since from London to Cadiz, in the hope that the milder climate of Andalusia might be beneficial to him in a case of consumption, presently died there; whereupon his remains were carried down, attended by the British Consul, and deposited below high water mark near Puntales—that is to say, beyond the boundary of the kingdom. At the Fonda at Seville, from whence the royal diligences start for Madrid, Cordova, Badajos, and other important points, there was a Prussian gentleman, an invalid, who expressed the greatest horror at the thoughts of dying at that distance from the sea, lest his heretical trunk should find no resting place at all, but become the sport of the idle waters of the adjacent river, and an object of which the spectator might coldly remark,

“ ———— this common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.”

He was an intelligent companion, not as may be inferred “a stranger in the land,” having passed some time at Toledo, (a city with the deep and solemn grandeur of which he was greatly enchanted), still longer at Madrid; spoke the language eloquently; and, sympathising in his

anxieties about the *post mortem* treatment his person might experience in the hands of the clergy, his travelling friends took a lively interest in his fate, and happily, after a severe struggle, he recovered.

The perseverance of the Spanish authorities in the enforcement of this very inhospitable sort of discipline, however unnecessary, (and it is to be hoped for our own sakes that it is wholly so), with regard to the future, is, no doubt, eminently calculated to secure the present welfare of the people; and while we condemn it as a revolting specimen of papal superstition, we ought rather to regret that the interests of the country do not, in the opinion of the public, warrant its discontinuance, the policy of the government being evidently to discourage, by every possible means, the occupation of their territory by adventurers of other nations.

The foregoing, and many others, including the vexatious passport system carried on there, may be urged as impediments to the acquirement of general *data* in the interior, but they certainly are not sufficient to account for the total exclusion from our topographical works and our maps, of a city lying within a league or two of the much frequented port of Cadiz, and counting a population of upwards of forty thousand souls—such being the case with respect to San Fernando in the Isla de Leon.

I had, as I have already remarked, seen something of this extensive city from a plain which I crossed on my way from Veger to Chiclana. It was about mid-day when it first became perceptible to me, and as the sun was shining forth in all his splendour, the candid walls, though seen at the distance of many leagues, glittered like the bayonets of an army in action. Some leagues further stood the smaller, yet fine old city of Puerto Real, and further still, that of Santa Maria; but so bright and clear was the atmosphere, that reduced, in effect, to an equal proximity, the three stood, as it were, abreast of each other, and deceived by the novelty, a stranger accustomed to other climates might, in a moment of abstraction, find himself listening for the stir and bustle usually heard in the immediate vicinity of a large and populous city. It would have interfered too much with my previous arrangements on reaching San Fernando, which I did in the evening, to make any stay there. Cadiz, whose enormous portals close at sunset, was my destination, and as half an hour's loitering on the road would have ensured my exclusion for the night, I allowed my guide to take me through the suburbs, reserving to myself the satisfaction of viewing the interior on some future and fitter occasion. We entered Leon by a narrow bridge which had an old and picturesque appear-

ance. It is a point of importance to the Spaniards, and has doubtless been the subject of many a bloody conflict, even during the present century, as it was from the battering-parks established just beyond it, that Napoleon poured his shells into Cadiz. This bridge is kept in a permanent state of defence, and the enemy that shall attempt its reduction will assuredly have names as grand to contend with as any that were sent to darkness by the hand of the immortal Turnus; not even excepting

“ Cloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Thersilocumque,”

—heroes so conspicuous in the battles of old.

In the fields and by-paths in, and near the Isla, I observed the friars,—chiefly Franciscans, in their long black mantles and enormous hats—strolling about in all directions; and it is to be observed, that in the representation of a Spanish town, the picture would scarcely be complete—certainly not characteristic—without them. The aloe, elsewhere deemed not an unworthy tenant of the glazed conservatory, is here the commonest and most neglected plant that grows: and in an Andalusian subject, is no more to be dispensed with than the priests. Trees in an English landscape are not more appropriate.

Señor Mori was a great vocalist, and although his *canciones*, however wild and inharmonious, had met with an attentive auditor among the rocks and the cork-trees of the Sierra Morena, where he first struck up that sort of entertainment, now that we were travelling beneath the graceful palms of San Fernando, and I had a thousand questions to ask him, could have been excused; but he had apparently recollected something or other as yet unsung—a perfect *Chevy Chase* in prolixity—which, maugre the repeated interruptions he experienced in his progress, he persisted in chanting to the end; and, as if to render my efforts to reduce him to silence but the more hopelessly unavailing, instead of resuming from the point concluded, he invariably began the song again, and by the time he had done with it, the objects to which I had more particularly wished to call his attention were no longer visible. How provoking I thought it!

We now entered upon a new line of road, artificially raised to an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the natural level of the soil. Its margins were without fence or protection of any kind, the surface being abruptly returned in a vertical line down to the land on one side and into the sea on the other, in the form of a tradesman's counter. To a traveller mounted on an untrained colt which had been per-

petually shying and bolting from the first, this stage of the journey appeared exceedingly dangerous.

The conversation, for my Andalusian friend and I had resumed the

—— “ ample interchange of sweet discourse ”

previously indulged in, was here again suspended ; for in so critical a situation, the utmost caution was necessary, and a sense of insecurity rendered me mute. The noise and motion of the waves terrified Enrique * beyond expression, and on perceiving a donkey approaching us between a couple of immense panniers, he became almost unmanageable. A large crazy vehicle, dragged by a numerous team of mules dressed up with bells and tassels, and loosely harnessed, at length made its appearance, and so scared the timid animal that he darted from one side of the road to the other like lightning ; and when we came into more immediate contact with it, he plunged furiously and backed to the utmost verge of the precipice, where, with the bells in his face, he reared perfectly upright, and it was a miracle that we had not gone headlong together into the sea. Such must inevitably have been my own fate, had I even lost a stirrup. The tourist entering Cadiz by land, and willing to profit by another's experience, will be cautious, therefore, how he places himself at the mercy of a two year old uneducated nag, for the inconvenience may be easily avoided. He will find hacks enough in all conscience at Chiclana, and swarms of ochre-faced *caleseros* ready to point out to him the very great desirability—after the fatigues intolerable—the worse than martyrdom of the saddle—of a seat in the tranquil cab ; and although he will feel some annoyance at the importunate conduct of those tawny visitors, who will crowd about his person, and, in the event of any disposition being manifested to decline their services, talk loud and stare rudely, yet the proffered accommodation may be all which, in their eagerness to earn a dollar or two, they so insolently, and with so little judgment, represent it to be. To give the reader an idea of the violence of these Spanish Automedons, it is only necessary to remark, that I was myself so pestered by them, as to have been obliged to cry out for assistance, and that having by this means succeeded in shaking them off, they paraded up and down at a distance, surveying me with a fierceness of expression that made me quake for my luggage, if not for my life : yet they were fine handsome young men, with eyes

* A Spanish guide formally introduces the horse to his rider by name, and such was the name of mine.

as bright and piercing as the falcon's, equipped with all the primitive originality and propriety of Malaga figures, and, from what I afterwards saw of that class of persons, I have no doubt they may be employed with safety.

The *Calle de San Francisco* at Cadiz, is a beautiful thoroughfare. It runs in a straight line, and by a gradual ascent from the lowest to the highest point of the city, terminating with a fine old convent dedicated to the popular saint from whom it derives its name—Saint Francis. The stranger cannot fail to be struck with the massive splendour and the golden tones of its architecture, the amplitude of its balconies, its *ventanas* and the general air of opulence and comfort that prevails among its inhabitants. It is a continuation of the *Calle de San Agustin*, which commences at the quay, so that it is always refreshed by cooling breezes. Wall's Hotel,* or the *Posada Inglesa*, (No. 94) is situated in the most eligible part of the street, and having once more arrived in safety at the free port and resumed my quarters in that house, it was not long before I devoted a day to the object I had contemplated on the road—that of paying an especial visit to Leon. The carnival, with its accompanying train of festivities and amusements, was in progress at the time, and having at length concluded, it became a question with two or three of our countrymen who met occasionally at the *table d'hote*, what novelty should engage our attention next. One of them, a perfect original, of course expressed a wish to go to Madrid, Barcelona, Malaga, Bordeaux, or elsewhere. He was open, he said, to any thing, and cared not what road he took so that it was not alone. East, west, north, and south, presented equal attractions for him; and, in default of a better companion, he would probably have consulted the weathercock and gone with the wind. I asked him what he thought of a trip to San Fernando. He said he thought nothing could be more delightful, and would accompany me with all his heart. I proposed going by water, taking Caraccas in our route. He commended the idea; indeed it was impossible to disagree with such a companion, for a more accommodating soul was never met with. Think what you would, he "thought so too," and like the Irish corporal, was always "unanimous." Two other gentlemen having expressed their willingness to join the expedition, we slipped on our blue *jaquetas*, took a boat at the mole, and

* This hotel has the reputation of being the best in all Spain. The lady who conducts it—the daughter of Mr. Wall—is accomplished, and in her little private parlour a party of our countrymen may be found assembled in *conversazione* almost every evening.

hoisting plenty of sail, made the best of our way to Caraccas, the grand arsenal—in fact, the Woolwich of Spain. Had we been provided with an order from the governor of Cadiz, we might have inspected the works, but this, although it was named as requisite, we had not afforded ourselves time to apply for, nor was it perhaps important, as these matters in Spain are nothing in comparison with what we may see at home. A card was sent in to the commandant, but the governor's order was demanded as a *sine quâ non* to our admission. We therefore retired hastily to our boat, and proceeded on our voyage half offended at his want of courtesy. The yard, of which something could be seen between the palings, though abounding in the *materiel* of war, had a mean, shabby appearance, and with its half dozen limping, superannuated protectors, looked to an Englishman as easy of conquest as the fort exhibited in the "Invincibles." A day's excursion to any distance from Cadiz, is always a rapid one, owing to the early closing of the gates in the evening; we therefore steered for the readiest point of debarkation, where we took *calesas*, and as the drivers, like their brethren in London, did not spare their cattle, we presently found ourselves at the entrance to San Fernando. Alighting there, we hurried from street to street towards the centre, gazing right and left, and calling each other's attention to the different objects of curiosity which discovered themselves in our progress. The houses were generally built with regularity, and though many of the streets were altogether fine and in good order, there were others partially dilapidated, or wholly deserted and in ruins. As at Chiclana, vestiges of an enemy—the devastating influence of a brutal soldiery—were almost every where perceptible, until we reached *Calle Larga*, which seems to have escaped the prevailing scourge. This is the high street, or heart of the city, and entering abruptly about midway, and ruminating for an instant on the novelty, my companions testified the pleasure it afforded them by repeated shouts of approbation. They danced from one thing to another with the alacrity of schoolboys, and absolutely revelled in the treat before them. *Larga*, or long, is not precisely the epithet by which this delightful portion of the city of San Fernando should be distinguished. *Calle Ancha*, or Broad Street—for the leading thoroughfares of the towns of Andalusia are generally called one or the other—would be more appropriate, as its breadth is far more characteristic than its length, and must be at least double that of *Calle Ancha*, the Broad (and main) street of Cadiz.

Though there are many superb edifices in the *Calle Larga* of San Fernando, yet it is rather in the *tout ensemble* than in partial instances

of architectural beauty, or the number of lofty public buildings and churches that its superiority consists. Some of the private residences, built purely in the Spanish style, are so gracefully designed, and, as Mr. George Robins would express it, so "perfectly *unique*," that even the descriptive powers of the gifted salesman himself could barely do justice to their merits.

Phlebotomists abound at San Fernando, as the ensigns of that honoured fraternity hanging out in every part of it abundantly prove. A bandaged and bleeding hand or foot painted to the life, and exhibited above the door, bespeak Juan this or José that to be, as, on a nearer inspection, we find he describes himself in goodly italics, a "*SAN-GRADOR*." And some of the dwellings, desirable as they usually are, occasionally need a tenant, a circumstance which the proprietors notify by affixing a sheet of blank paper to the rejas or projecting window bars. For "particulars," which are never stated in writing, the stranger is in all cases, it is presumed, to "enquire within."

Parrots seem to lead a life of infinite luxury in Andalusia, and were the sun shining for their exclusive enjoyment, they could not seem better satisfied with their lot, for their chatter is incessant. The loud note of the quail too is frequently heard in the streets, but ballad singers and barrel organs, which in unmusical England are enough, of late, to drive a man to the commission of suicide, are unknown at San Fernando. One vagabond organ-grinder sometimes disturbs the peace of Cadiz, but I never met with the nuisance in any other part of Spain. A little fellow is always to be found in the crowded squares with a match for the accommodation of smokers. He presents himself with the modest salutation of "*Candela, Cavalleros, candela!*" (a match, gentlemen, a match!) A man with a large jar of water on his shoulder is also constant in his attendance at these places of public rendezvous, and the thirsty are reminded of the same by the cry of "*Agua, agua! quien bebe?*" (Water, water! who drinks?) These poor fellows pick up a good many *cuartos* in their humble avocations, for there is scarcely a man in Spain that does not like his cigar; and, at the public rooms, a cup of coffee is never set before a visitor unaccompanied by a glass of spring water. To myself this practice was rather disagreeable. The cold beverage, the marble table, and the stone apartment, had altogether too chilling an effect, and little harmonized with the warmth of the atmosphere. One evening on the occasion of a public ball at the *Café de Cadenas* at Cadiz, the pint tumblers had accumulated before me in considerable number, and

seeing that I wished to get rid of them, a Portuguese gentleman sitting opposite to me remarked, that water was "no drink for an Englishman;" and this being every syllable he knew of our language, it may be imagined how temperate a nation we are considered in the peninsula. "*Los borrachos Ingleses*," (the drunken English) is there reduced to a proverb. At Seville, a countryman of ours, a person of condition, having, in following one of the processions, tripped against a stone, was forthwith proclaimed a *borracho*. He was well known, and the joke of course understood. Being a little belated one evening at Cadiz, where the streets are, from their uniformity, intricate, I lost my way. A watchman accompanied me some distance, and hearing, in answer to a question he put to me, that I was an Englishman, he said he had thought so. At the end of his beat he delivered me into the hands of another, who interrogated me in the same way, and had been precisely of the same opinion. On entering the *Plaza de San Antonio*, I was challenged by the sentinel, on which he announced me, in a voice of thunder, "*Un Ingles*," adding, in a sort of whisper, "*borracho*." There was no necessity for pleading "not guilty" to "the soft impeachment." A "*mens conscia recti*," neutralized its force, as far at least as my feelings were concerned. Wine and spirits being dear in England and cheap at Cadiz, our tars on visiting that port, frequent the public houses near the quay, where they "get drunk exceedingly," and sing *Tom Bowling* with their coats off. A soldier who came with his regiment from Ireland to Gibraltar during my short stay there, died of intoxication on the very day he landed from the transport; and it is in this way, probably, that we have acquired the flattering distinction.

But, undismayed by the detection of our national foible, and the consequent raillery of the Spaniards, we of the San Fernando party could not, in propriety, quit the Isla without trying the flavour of its grape. It was impossible; but members of the Temperance Society could not have been more circumspect in doing it. We washed our dusty mouths at the counter of a wine-house, but "*præterea nihil*," and as the sun was getting low in the occident, and the further indulgence of our curiosity might have shut us out of Cadiz for the night, we now took our reluctant leave of Leon, even without viewing a single interior, save that alone of the wine-store. The palms and the cypresses adorning the suburbs did not however escape attention. Nor could the observant traveller fail to record in his mental scrap book the bit of deep blue which discovers itself in the distance, the

orange booths replete with golden temptations, the groups of idle humanity and other picturesque objects to be seen in the fields composing the fore ground.

But to our cabs. The reader will need no additional stimulus, should he find himself in its neighbourhood, to provoke a visit to San Fernando, when assured as he is on the *dictum* of the writer, that in our ramble through it, such was the idea entertained by our little party of the several scenes which presented themselves to our view, that the question heard from time to time of "Is it not a beautiful, a delightful, or a magnificent place?" was ever and anon answered through that hearty and unqualified medium of approval,—general acclamation.

ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

INIGO JONES. (*Continued.*)

It will be no easy task to make out a complete list, with the dates of all the productions of Inigo Jones; we will, however, use our best endeavours. Most of the buildings which were erected by his taste and genius have fallen into decay, have been replaced by others, or are concealed and encumbered with the additions of inferior artists. There is even much doubt about several of the works attributable to him; he had many imitators, and some pupils who wrought a little in his spirit, though they never equalled him in compact elegance and union of design; and of the several houses assigned to Jones, more were furnished from the plans he left in the hands of his scholars, than were built under his own inspection, and some of the works ascribed to him or his pupils belong perhaps to neither. *Albans*, in Essex, Walpole puts in the latter class, though always ascribed to Inigo; *Pishobury*, in Hertfordshire, continues the noble author, is said to have been built by Jones for Sir Walter Mildmay. At *Woburn* is a grotto chamber, and some small parts by him, as there is one of his hand at *Thorney Abbey*, and a summer house at Lord Barrington's, in Berkshire.

It was under the patronage of Archbishop Laud that Inigo Jones was first employed at Oxford, in 1635. He built the arcades and porticoes in the inner quadrangle of St. John's College, over which is a gallery of just proportions. They are not in his first manner, and copying the faults rather than the excellencies of his great master

Palladio: the busts between the arches, and the heavy foliage and wreaths under the alcoves are exuberant and unclassical. Besides these, the imposts of the arches rest upon pillars, which convey an idea of instability. "The second quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxon," says Mr. Brewer, "is the most superb part of the structure. This court, with the exception of the south side, in which is the library, was erected at the entire expense of Archbishop Laud, from a design by Inigo Jones. The whole display is rich and captivating, but when deliberately examined, the building is not calculated to reflect unmixed credit on the memory of the architect. Inigo Jones continually laboured to elicit effect, but he too often paid little attention to the means by which that result was produced. No man of his era was so great a master of the perspective of architecture; but many of his buildings, when closely inspected, rather dazzle the eye than satisfy the judgment. The ranges of this quadrangle are low in observance of the original mode of collegiate construction. The apartments on the east and west are built over cloisters supported by eight pillars, and ornamented with busts of the cardinal and christian virtues. The general character of the buildings, independently of their cloisters, gateways, and numerous extrinsic ornaments, is Gothic; and an embattled parapet is formed along the top of the whole court. But in the centre of the east and west divisions is a splendid gateway, composed of the three Greek orders. On a line with the cloisters are double columns of the Doric, after various sculptured embellishments; double Ionic columns then take place, and support a semi-circular pediment. On the face of the one gateway is a brass statue of Charles I., who contributed two hundred tons of timber from the forests of Shotover and Stow towards the building of this court. On the other gateway is a statue, likewise cast in brass, of Charles's queen: both are placed between columns of the Corinthian order. The statues were cast by Fanelli, of Florence, and were taken down and secreted during the civil war, according to Walpole; but Dr. Rawlinson states, without reserve, that they were then taken down in order to be sold, but were ignorantly refused because they were not solid. The range of structure which looks towards the gardens, and which forms a second front of the eastern division of the quadrangle, is the most interesting and unobjectionable: this consists of five bay windows, of delicate workmanship, supported by brackets of sculptured stone. At each termination is a pediment of airy proportions, and a battlement ranges along the intermediate space; this second quadrangle was begun July, 1631, and completed 1635. From so

strong a resemblance to the ambulatory in the Royal Exchange, it is evident that Jones repeated himself* here in miniature, and by the gateway of the physic garden, finished from his design by Stone, sen. it is decorated with a bust of the founder, and was finished in 1632, the whole costing upwards of 5000*l.* we are reminded of York Stairs in the Strand. We may suppose that in both these instances he was restrained by his employers, or fettered by the mode of building then fashionable: for when his genius was left without control, and supported by the royal treasures he produced Whitehall. It does not appear that the specimens which Jones had given of his talents led to any further employment in Oxford and Cambridge; as we do not find any other edifice which claims his name as the architect. Nor were the first approaches he made towards Palladian correctness productive of the least reform. His work at St. John's was scarcely finished, when Oriel, Jesus, University, and Exeter were nearly rebuilt in a style extremely inferior to Wadham, by Colte, which was manifestly their model, as far as accommodation, and the distribution of the apartments.

Charlton-house, in Kent, is another of his supposed works; but some critics have thought that only the great gate at the entrance, and the colonnades may be of his hand. Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, was designed by him but executed by his scholar, Webb; other authors say, that at *Charlton*, near Malmsbury, Wilts, is the west front of a magnificent house, erected for the second Lord Suffolk, which was one of Jones's earlier works, in what has been called his Gothic: it was preserved when the rest of the mansion was taken down, and rebuilt on its former model; a view of this front, by Inigo Jones, may be seen in Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 105, where the author says that it is traditionally asserted and generally credited that the plots or designs for this mansion were obtained from Italy, and that JOHN DI PADUA (see his article) was the master mason or clerk of the works. The gallery at Charlton is 120 feet long.

Chevening, Kent, is another house ascribed to Jones, but doubtful. *Gunnersbury*, near Brentford, Walpole says, is certainly by him; the portico of which is too large and engrosses the whole front, except a window at each end, and the staircase and saloon are noble, but destroy the rest of the house; the other chambers are small, and crowded by vast chimney-pieces, placed with an Italian negligence in

* The design for the Royal Exchange has also been attributed to Wren and Jereman, see an account of the latter architect in this work.

any corner of the room. It is mentioned, however, in a "New Display of the Beauties of England," 8vo. 1776, that Gunnersbury-house, near Brentford, "is an elegant structure, first built by Mr. Webb, son-in-law to the famous Inigo Jones," and that the building is at once remarkable for majestic boldness and simplicity; the grand portico at the back front is supported by stately columns; the apartments are extremely well contrived; the hall, which is large and spacious, is on each side supported by rows of columns, from whence you ascend by a noble flight of stairs to a saloon, which is a double cube of twenty-five feet high. This fine room has an entrance into the portico in the back front. On entering the garden from the house, you ascend a noble terrace, and from this terrace, which extends the whole breadth of the garden, you descend by a fine flight of steps, with a grand balustrade on each side." Gunnersbury-house was taken down in 1802. He is said to have designed Coleshill, in Berkshire. This mansion (vide *Beauties of England and Wales*, 1801) is said to display a *perfect* and unaltered specimen of the architectural taste of Inigo Jones, from whose ideas it was erected in 1650. The internal parts of this building are characterised by those ponderous ceilings, heavy cornices, and profusion of carved ornaments and gilding which, at the period of its erection, were supposed to constitute the essentials of elegance.

Cobham-hall, the centre of which was planned by Inigo Jones, and was new cased with brick and sashed by the late Earl of Darnley, so that its appearance is not uniform with the wings which formed part of the residence of the Cobhams. The ceiling, designed by Inigo Jones, is divided into various square and circular compartments, with a deep oval in the centre, (like those at Whitehall and York House), all superbly gilt and enriched by appropriate ornaments, among which are twelve pendant coronets. The lower part of the sides are lined with grey veined marble between pilasters of Scagliola, in imitation of yellow orbique marble supporting a rich fascia and cornice. In the compartments above are representations of all kinds of musical instruments hanging in festoons, and most richly gilt. At each end is a gallery supported by four columns, cased like the pilasters and having bases and capitals of Parian marble; the latter are exquisitely sculptured. The chimney-piece, which corresponds in grandeur with the rest of the apartments, has full length marble statues at the sides, and in front a sculpture from the aurora of Guido. See *Beauties of Kent*, p. 602. It would appear, however, from "The new Display, &c." quoted before, that the house was built long before, for it says:—"In

a large room in this house are the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and a memorandum of her having been entertained there by the then proprietor of the seat." Jones was also employed to rebuild Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton; it is said that he was employed on the East and South sides. Walpole says, he only built one front, which he finished; but is said to have been interrupted in his further progress by the civil war. The more ancient parts of Castle Ashby were erected in the time of Elizabeth; the chimney-piece in the drawing-room is from a design by Inigo. This unhappy war also arrested his progress at *Stoke Park*, Northamptonshire, where he was employed by Sir Francis Crane, the manufacturer of tapestry to the King. This estate was given to Sir Francis by the crown in satisfaction of his claims on Charles I. It was in 1630 that Sir Francis began to build his house at Stoke Park, which he finished before 1636; for he entertained the king and queen in it during this interval. The designs of his house are said, in the *European Magazine*, Oct. 1786, p. 85, to have been brought from Italy, but in the execution of them he received some assistance from Inigo Jones.* Mr. Neale, in his "*Gentlemen's Seats*," gives to Jones part of the North front of Kirby Hall, Northamptonshire, which he says is done in his best manner; also the centre compartment of *Condover House*, Shropshire, with a remarkable rich entrance, said to be added by him. Wing, seven miles from the present seat, *Ethorpe*, Buckinghamshire, designed also by Jones, Sir William Stanhope pulled down. The front to the garden of *Hinton St. George*, Somersetshire, the seat of Earl Powlet, and the front elevation of *Brympton*, formerly the mansion of Sir Philip Sydenham, were from his designs; also *Chilham Castle*, near Canterbury, and the embattled tower of Staines Church, 1631, where Jones sometime lived. Some alterations he made at Sion House in 1659. At Oatlands remains a gate of the old palace, now removed to a little distance, and repaired, with the addition of an inscription, by (according to Walpole) the Earl of Lincoln, as follows: "Henricus com de Lincoln hunc arcum opus Ignatii Jones vetustate corruptum restituit." The *Grange*, the seat of the Lord Chancellor Henley, in Hampshire, is entirely of this master: it is not a large house, but by far one of the best proofs of his talents. The hall, which opens to a small vestibule, with a cupola, and the

* The New Display of the Beauties of England and Wales, we know not with what authority, says, that at Eastern Nesson, near Towcester, Northamptonshire, is a villa belonging to the Earl of Pomfret, designed by Inigo Jones; also the centre of the South front of Raby Castle, Durham, and Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire.

staircase adjoining, are beautiful models, of the purest and most classical antiquity. The gate of Beaufort Garden, Chelsea, the residence of the first Duke of Beaufort, designed by Jones, was purchased by Lord Burlington, and transported to Chiswick, where in a temple are, or were, some wooden seats, with lions and other animals for arms, not of his most delicate imagining from Tart Hall. Mr. Britton* attributes the Town Hall, in the High Street, Bath, to Jones. He also designed a gate originally intended for the treasurer, Lord Middlesex, at Chelsea, removed also to Chiswick by Lord Burlington, to whom it was given by Sir Hans Sloane. He drew a plan for a palace at Newmarket, but not that wretched novel erected there. "The last, and one of the most beautiful of his works that I shall mention," continues Walpole, "is the Queen's house at Greenwich. This palace, called the house of Delight according to Lysons, is now the Ranger's lodge. The queen employed him on this building, which was finished in 1635. The first idea of Greenwich Hospital is said to have been borrowed by Webb from Jones's papers. Mr. Gwilt, for whose judgment we hold the highest deference, speaks of a beautiful rustic doorway at Greenwich, executed by Jones after a design of Vignolas at the palace of Caparolla; he (Mr. G.) thinks Jones has altered its proportions for the worse. The rest of his designs and smaller productions, as chimneys and ceilings, &c. may be seen in the editions of Jones's works by Kent, Ware, Vardy and Campbell. In Hutchin's History of Dorsetshire, vol. ii. p. 461, there is an engraving of a handsome gateway at *Clifton Maubank*, which is ascribed to Jones, and as Walpole believed justly: "There is," says the noble author, "a simplicity and a proportion, niches with shells, and a Grecian entablature, though mixed with many traces of the bad style that preceded him, which seems to have enticed the age by degrees into a true taste." Mr. Dallaway was aware of the difficulty which offers itself in positively fixing several works, which Walpole has overlooked from doubts so entertained, because some of them were by Jones, as far as the original design or idea, but were arranged or executed subsequently by Webb and Carter, who claimed them for their own. Nevertheless he mentions some, as the following, which seem undoubted proofs of the skill and taste of the subject of this memoir. "It is a fair conjecture," continues Mr. D. "that *York House*, and *Burley on the Hill*, in Rutlandshire, known to have been both erected for the favourite Buckingham—were superintended by Jones. The latter was built

* Bath, &c. publ. by Jones. Views, 1832.

upon magnificent substructions and terraces, the rival in point of situation and extent of Belvoir Castle. The parliament army in a predatory march set fire to it in 1645.

Crew-hall in Cheshire, and *Sherborne* in Gloucestershire were certainly built by him, as were the stone pillars to *Holland House*, to the court over which are the arms of Rich, quartered by those of Boulary, they were executed by Stone. *Taty Hall* in Enfield for Sir Nicholas Rainton, was also of Jones's hand. He also built a country house for himself at *Charlton*, Kent, now called *Cherry Garden Farm*. Of *Wilton House*, at least the south or garden front, is commonly, says Britton, attributed to Inigo Jones; but the following passage from Aubrey's MSS. renders this questionable. "The south side of this stately house (that was built by Mons. de Caus) was burned A. D. 1647-8, by airing the rooms. In 1648, Philip, first Earl of Pembroke, re-edified it by the advice of Inigo Jones, but he being very old, could not be there in person, but left it to Webb." This account weakens the probability of the cause of the quarrel between Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Jones. It was *Thomas*, Earl of Pembroke, who raised *Wilton* to a state of unrivalled magnificence. The stables and that noble front, and the grotto at *Wilton* are said by some to be by Jones, as also is most probably the house for Secretary *Thurloe*, built on the site of *Wisbeach Castle*. *Dulwich Castle* (college) is in his style; and he was present, according to Lysons, v. 1, p. 97, when the foundation was laid September 13, 1619. of *Botely* in Devonshire, destroyed by fire, 1733. Besides his *Whitehall*, *Somerset House*, *St. Paul's*, and *Covent Garden churches*, &c., he embellished the metropolis by erecting *Surgeon's Hall*, considered one of the best of his works. It possesses elegance in the exterior and in the interior, great simplicity, and fitness of purpose. It is said that this building was repaired by Lord Burlington, himself an elegant architect, "a compliment," says Ralph, not greater than is due to so great an architect, but the greatest honour which any modern can bestow or receive. Jones indeed was by no means successful when he attempted the pointed style. His chapel of *Lincoln's Inn*, since repaired and altered by Wyatt, has none of the characteristics of that architecture; the cloister beneath seems oppressed by the weight of the building above. In *Dugdale's Origines Judiciales*, p. 34, is an account of the building of that chapel from Inigo Jones's design: the first proposal for building which was in 1609, but it was retarded till about 1617; the charge was estimated at 2,000*l.*, it was finished in five years, and consecrated on Ascension Day, 1623, by the Bishop of

London, Dr. Donne preaching the sermon. Bedford House, late in Bloomsbury Square, was erected by Jones for the Earl of Southampton; an erection says Malcolm, with little pretensions to taste or magnificence; it was sold by the Duke of Bedford for about 5,000*l*. It is now no longer in existence, having been taken down for the extensive alterations and new buildings in the neighbourhood of Russell Square: it stood on the north side of Bloomsbury Square—(See a view of the piers of this house in Gwilt's Civil Architecture). *Shaftsbury House*, at one time "London Lying-in Hospital," on the east side of Aldersgate Street, has a beautiful elevation, built with brick and ornamented with stones in an elegant taste; the front is adorned with Ionic pilasters, from the volutes of which hang garlands of foliage. These pilasters are doubled on each side of the centre window, over which is an arched pediment, opened for the reception of a shield: the door was arched, and from each side branched an elegant scroll for the support of a balcony. This portico has been modernized, and the house let out in tenements to respectable shopkeepers, including the General Dispensary, occupying a modern building at the back of it. *Shaftsbury House* was sometimes called *Thanet House*. The old *Berkeley*, or *Devonshire House*, Piccadilly, remarkable for the number of its chimneys, was also, it is said, by him. It was destroyed by fire in 1733; a few days afterwards, a statue of *Britannia* in white marble, that ornamented the front of the house, fell and was dashed to pieces. The present *Devonshire House* is a very inferior building to the original mansion. He also gave a design for *Temple Bar*, not the one as now executed—a building of the same durability of look which distinguishes his other works. The order is *Corinthian*, the height sixty feet, the width fifty-two; the carriage opening fifteen feet wide, and twice that in height; while the passage corresponding with the pavement are ten feet high and six wide. On the summit was to have been an equestrian statue of *King Charles*, supported by the figures of *Neptune* and *Thames*. The horse and the rider were to have been fourteen feet high, but seem too small for the distance. *Lindsey House* in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* has a chaster front, says *Walpole*, than the one of *Gunnesbury*: it is not better disposed for the apartments.

Jones was one of the first that observed the same gradual diminution of pilasters as in pillars. *Lindsey House* owes its chief grace to this singularity, according to *Walpole*. The square in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* was laid out, but the mansion only of the earl of *Lindsey*; on the western side, where he first introduced the diminishing pilaster, was

brought to completion before the death of Jones or the commencement of the civil war ; the greater part has since been rebuilt. The elevations of the intended buildings both in Lincoln's-Inn Square and Covent Garden, as made for Lord Arundel, who was the chief acting commissioner, are now preserved at Wilton. Lord Arundel (see Rhymer) was associated with Jones and others in 1618, to plant and reduce to uniformity, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground plot by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the works. This square, says Walpole, is laid out with so trifling a circumstance, as to be of the exact dimensions of one of the pyramids of Egypt. "This would have been admired," continues the noble author, "in those ages when the Keep at Kenilworth Castle was erected in the form of a *horse-fetter*, and the Escorial in the shape of St. Lawrence's gridiron."

We, however, attach somewhat more of consequence "to so trifling a circumstance; it is instructive to us and our children to be able to form an idea of the extent of the base of one of the greatest wonders of the world:—the horse-fetter and the gridiron are familiar to every one. To these buildings in London, we may add, on the authority of Malcolm, that Jones designed Furnival's Inn, now pulled down, and Rolls Chapel.

(*To be continued.*)

GLASS PAINTING.

(*Continued.*)

In Germany, likewise, the art had been entirely abandoned since the end of the seventeenth century; nor was it until the commencement of the present one, that it began to recover in some degree the regard and consideration to which it is entitled; and to be again brought into practice with more or less success, in various places.

Speth has given us an historical essay on glass painting, where after having treated of the principal epochs both of its most flourishing periods, and its decay, he speaks of the highly praiseworthy labours of M. Frank of Nuremberg, who, in 1818, was appointed glass painter in the porcelain manufactory at Munich. Just at that time, the recovery of the art, which was supposed to be entirely lost, excited a good deal of attention: but although its mysteries were still preserved in various treatises on the subject, very few of the experiments conducted by them were in any degree successful, and Frank's early attempts in this way, were superior to any others. His productions at

this time were, nevertheless, greatly behind those of the old artists, in force of colouring. They were, besides, *peintures en apprêt*, burnt in on a single plate of glass, consequently of no very great dimensions, and in effect little better than transparencies executed in the usual manner. It was precisely in the attempt to unite the advantages of both methods—to avoid all joinings and seams in the figures, and yet obtain that power and depth in the different colours, in which consist the excellencies of the earlier style, M. Frank experienced the principal difficulty; because when several colours are to be fused upon the same piece of glass, it is hardly possible to employ the same means, or to calculate the effect beforehand, as when the glass is to be of a one uniform tint.

It is in regard to this that Speth makes the following remarks: "Many experiments are still requisite at the present day; were it only as regards colours alone, in order to attain the same degree of perfection in this respect, as we observe in the works of former ages. Such experiments, however, are attended with very considerable expense, both on account of the ingredients themselves, and owing to the frequent accidents that occur: for Le Vieil, himself, who speaks from experience, assures us that there is much in this art which practice alone can teach. Neither can experiments be carried on without very extensive apparatus, and properly constructed furnaces of suitable dimensions; nay, even in glass manufactories themselves, additional apparatus becomes necessary if the experiments are to be conducted at all upon a satisfactory scale. Such an outlay of money and loss of time is generally beyond the means of a private individual, who must be satisfied if what he can accomplish upon a limited scale affords promise of success in undertakings of greater magnitude. It is only from the actual support and encouragement of a government, as was formerly the case in France, when its sovereign granted particular privileges to those who practised this art, that we can anticipate its recovering its former importance, and becoming capable of achieving works of magnitude and splendour."

Hardly can it be said that such protection and encouragement as is above hinted at, has ever yet been afforded by any prince or any government. It is true that the kings of France, Charles VII. in 1430, and Charles IX. in 1563, granted considerable privileges to its professors, as is evident from the documents given by Le Vieil; yet at no period, and in no country does there seem to have been a specific establishment provided for it by the state. The admirable painted windows by Roger von der Weyde, in the choir of the collegiate

church at Brussels, were presented by different crowned heads, namely, by John III. of Portugal, Maria of Hungary, Francis I. of France, and Ferdinand, brother to the Emperor Charles V., who had given commissions to the artist for that purpose. In England, again, glass painting was to a certain extent patronised by the court and the wealthier nobility, during the latter half of the eighteenth century; but not in such a way as to ensure any permanent success. Thus, the great window we have mentioned in St. George's Chapel, was defrayed by a subscription, to which the King contributed 1,200*l.*, the Prince of Wales 200*l.*, and the Dukes of York and Clarence 100*l.* each; the remainder being furnished by public contributions.

So much the more honourable is it for Bavaria, where glass painting was introduced and encouraged almost earlier than in any other part of Germany, that the taste and munificence of its sovereign have awakened this art from its long slumber, inspiring it with fresh energies. Since the year 1827, King Louis has established a separate department for it in the porcelain manufactory at Munich, and has furnished it with the means of activity by a most liberal commission, calculated to call forth all its powers, whether as regards ability in execution, or superior artist-like feeling in design.

It was determined that a number of the windows of the cathedral at Regensburg, the choir of which edifice already possessed many handsome ones of an earlier period, should be filled with painted glass. The course of a very few years has proved, that it is owing to the magnitude of this undertaking, and also to the judicious choice in selecting the artists engaged upon it, that glass painting has already reached a degree of perfection not inferior to that of the finest productions of the kind in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which in certain respects even surpasses them.

This undertaking caused the art to be led back to its original purposes; and it prevented those to whom its execution was entrusted, from falling into the same error English artists had; namely, that of affecting to imitate oil paintings, to the utter destruction of that peculiar character which should ever distinguish productions of this class. The very object itself, which was to furnish a series of embellished windows, according in their style with that of the structure, naturally pointed out the propriety of adhering as closely as possible to early examples, both as regards the peculiar taste they display, and the technical particularities by which they are marked.

As the designs for the first windows were made analogous to the architectural character of this ancient Gothic fabric, it became highly

desirable to rival, if possible, the richness of colour observable in the stained glass of the best period, with which view a similar mode of execution was adopted, that is only one, or at the most two colours were burnt in on the same piece of glass, and the joints of the glazing were made to describe the outline of the various parts. And it is to the observance of this judicious principle, and to the opportunity here afforded of trying effects upon a large scale in a building where they could be composed with genuine specimens of the same class, that the art is indebted for the rapid progress it has already manifested.

The cartoons for the windows first put up were designed by Hess, and the workmanship itself was executed partly at the porcelain manufactory at Munich, and partly at Nuremberg; and on comparing them together, it was found that the paintings conducted according to M. Frank's process were more durable than the others; in consequence of which he was commissioned to undertake the whole of the remaining work. The two windows of which we are now speaking, and which contain figures of the four evangelists about five feet in height, together with a series of half figures or busts representing the early fathers of the church, and the first martyrs were placed in the front of the cathedral of Regensburg. Although they were highly satisfactory as first essays, it was found that, in comparison with more ancient works, they were decidedly inferior in regard to depth of colouring, and by far too transparent without, owing to the polish not being taken off the other surface of the glass, contrary to what was formerly the practice. Hence both windows were too glaring, and at the same time deficient in harmony. In consequence of which, the artists determined to regulate their future operations accordingly, so as to avoid similar inconveniences.

Since then, subsequent experiments most carefully conducted, have enabled M. Frank not only to rival the ancient professors of this art, in the purity and richness of their colours, but in some respects even to surpass them: so successfully has his strenuous diligence been rewarded, within the course of a very few years.

The second undertaking was the three narrow windows, twenty feet high, which were exhibited at the Academy at Munich in 1829, and that same year put up in the front of the cathedral. These represent the annunciation, the adoration of the kings, and the presentation in the temple; and above these subjects are represented half figures of different prophets and apostles. Besides the greater brilliancy and harmony of the colours, and the greater skill thrown in uniting the

pieces of glass, whereby the lead of the joints is made to heighten the general effect; the advantage is here plainly shown of combining the processes of both glass painting and enamelling: many parts—the heads for instance, the landscapes or back grounds, possessing a variety and a gradation in the tints, that we should look for in vain even the best productions of former ages, and which when the paintings can be viewed sufficiently close, as was here the case, produce a truly enchanting effect.

On these windows being put up, however, it was discovered that they did not show themselves to so much advantage as they had done in the rooms of the academy. Notwithstanding the depth of their colours, they looked too light and transparent; whereupon it was determined to give still greater force to the colours employed, and also to deaden the light by grinding the other side of the glass; in order to produce greater solidity and harmony.

In the autumn of the following year (1830) two more windows were completed, after cartoons by that very talented young artist, Christopher Ruben, which represent the birth, or rather the naming of John the Baptist, and his preaching in the wilderness, besides figures of four fathers of the church,---two beneath each of the larger subjects. The latter of these, and the figures of St. Ambrose and St. Jerome, are particularly admirable. There is indeed considerable power of mind displayed in these compositions: they are genuine works of art, free from all affectation, and from that pretty school-boy mimicry of antiquity, which is the very reverse of what it aims at. Here we may observe the simplicity of the elder style, united with that correctness of drawing and beauty of touch, we have a right to expect from a modern pencil; so that while these paintings perfectly harmonize in their general style with the more ancient ones in the same church, they greatly surpass them. It must be confessed, however, that they are not seen to their full advantage, unless when the sun shines through them; for at other times owing to the preponderance of the middle tints, they do not look quite so brilliant as could be desired. It becomes advisable, therefore, to consider beforehand what is to be the aspect of the window, for if it will not be much illuminated by the sun, the colours ought to be somewhat lighter than they would otherwise require to be: a precaution that has been attended to in those windows which are now actually in the artists' hands.

The largest of these (about fifteen feet high, and twenty-four wide) which is to be placed in one of the transepts, is already completed. This was executed after designs by Carl Schorn, and shows in its

principal compartment "The Conversion of the Bavarians to Christianity, by St. Benno." To the right and left of this are other compartments, filled with figures of four saints, viz. Emmeranus, Wolfgang, Ludwig, and Theresia. The back ground of the principal subject is a landscape: those to the figures represent a rich brocade, embroidered with gold, and other ornamental compartments of a similar tapestry pattern, serve to fill up the rest of the window. These embellishments are, for the most part, by Ainmiller, who has here given ample evidence of his taste and ability in this species of decoration. It must be admitted that the single figures produce a better effect than the larger composition, which is too full and crowded, and has too much the air of being a mere picture let into the window, since it does not partake sufficiently of that architectural disposition, which ought never to be lost sight of in a painted window,—at least, not if it is to be considered an integral part of a larger composition,—namely of the structure itself. Convinced by experience of the errors in the system at first adopted, Professor Hass has since resolved to avoid landscape back grounds as much as possible, and to adhere to a more conventional and avowedly ornamental style of composition.

In the window we are now noticing, the colouring is indisputably much better than in the former essays, and the figure of St. Wolfgang is particularly admirable. The harmony of the whole arises more from the force of the colours themselves, and their selection, than from any attempt to give middle tints, which, however necessary in oil painting, are found incompatible with a style of art whose object and purpose are very dissimilar.

The two other windows now in progress are intended for the left transept of the cathedral, where there will ultimately be five, four of which are to contain subjects taken from the life of St. Stephen. For all these windows, Ruben has been commissioned by Professor Hess to prepare cartoons. The compositions are exceedingly simple in themselves, and, so, far perfectly well adapted to their purpose; besides which the figures themselves are conceived with great feeling and sentiment.

In regard to tapestry-figured ornamental compartments in all these new windows, they were at first somewhat too gaudy, nor is it till latterly that the system has been improved, by attending to what Boisserée has pointed out in his description of Cologne cathedral, where he remarks that the older artists made it a rule to surround all the darker colours with a border of white, in order to set them off the better, and to prevent confusion. The advantages of this method are evident in

the windows last executed; still it has been found necessary to modify the tone of the white according to the other colours that are introduced, else it would sometimes diminish their effect.

From what has been said, it will be evident that the artists who are entrusted with the execution of this extensive series of works, spare no diligence to attain all possible perfection. Every day some new advancement is made by them, both in the technical, and in the more artistical province of the work; for although this supposedly lost art has revived under their hands, and already reached a degree of perfection hitherto unrivalled in modern times; although, too, their productions, instead of being imitations of elder ones, are distinguished by merits of their own, and by a beauty of colouring far surpassing that of the generality of the older performances in this style,—they by no means imagine that they have accomplished every thing, but hope to advance still further, by increased experience, and being favoured by extended opportunities of improvement. The progress already made by them in the short space of four years is so striking, that greatly as their first productions were admired, they will not endure to be compared with what they have since completed. It is intended, therefore, as the windows first put up occupy a conspicuous situation, to remove them elsewhere, and replace them by others of superior execution.

The influence of important undertakings is seldom limited to a single sphere, but operates indirectly far and wide: we ought not to be surprised, then, when we find that the royal example and the success attending it, have begun to excite many private individuals to turn their attention to this particular branch of art; the consequence of which is that several works on a small scale have been produced, displaying a degree of beauty hardly considered attainable in such an unmanageable material. Among other instances, M. Bertram was so struck by the beauty of the windows put up at Regensburg, in 1829, that he engaged Ainmiller and Wehrstoffer to make copies for him upon glass of a St. Christopher painted by Hunebling, and a St. Luke, by John von Eyck. The former of these was made the same size as the original, upon four plates of glass, put together without lead; the other was of the size of the lithographic print taken from the picture, and upon a single piece of glass; and not only were both copies very fine specimens in regard to colour and harmony, but likewise exhibited all the exquisite finish for which the originals are so remarkable, together with a peculiar effect utterly unattainable in oil painting. Such objects as the rising sun shown in the picture of St. Christopher, and its rays playing on the rocks and

the water can produce their full effect only when represented on a diaphanous surface, whereby the light passing through it produces all the reality and magic effect of nature itself. In like manner the brilliant sky and clear water in the other painting, acquire additional loveliness from the material itself. It is evident that no other mode of painting is so well calculated for representing positive light and luminous surfaces,—sunshine, air, and water, the sparkling of rich silks, jewels, or metals; and what it is capable of accomplishing this way, seems more extraordinary than it otherwise would be, because no advantage seems to have been taken of its peculiar power in representing such effects by the older practitioners of the art. As thus applied, indeed, the art itself becomes altogether a new one, for the picture becomes an independent work, totally unconnected with any thing else; consequently works of this class are ill adapted for windows, where the paintings ought to appear an embellishment intended to set off the architecture.

M. Vortel, of Dresden, has also distinguished himself by several successful essays in glass-painting. He had been commissioned by M. Bertram to execute for him four folding sashes, with eight figures of apostles after originals by Meister Wilhelm, of Cologne, of the same size as the lithographic plates of them in Boisserée's work. They are on a plain ground of a greyish hue, enriched with a border above and below of a mosaic or tapestry pattern. Single figures of this description are particularly well adapted for windows of the usual form; and the execution of them left nothing to be desired, the colouring being warm and tender, the handling clean, and the touch precise.

In other parts of Germany, too, a taste for this species of painting has been awakened of late years; and one of the earliest attempts made within this period towards reviving the art here, was at the castle of Morienburg, when the restoration of that remarkable monument of ancient German architecture was undertaken in 1821. Since then Sauterleute,* of Nuremberg, has distinguished himself by several very successful productions, among others, the portraits of Erasmus and Albert Durer, and a series of paintings from the life of the Virgin

* Joseph Sauterleute, born at Weingarten, in Wirtemberg, 1796, was a pupil of Professor Isopi, of the *Kunst-Institut* at Ludwigsberg, and afterwards superintendent of the porcelain works at that place. When that manufactory was closed, he received a pension from the king to enable him to prosecute his experiments in glass-painting, and removed to Nuremberg, where he has since devoted his time and talents to that branch of art.

Mary, which are now in the collection of M. Hertel, a wealthy merchant and amateur of that city. Neither ought we to pass over in silence the labours of the brothers Hemle, of Freyburg, who have been employed several years in decorating the windows of the minster there; yet without disputing the merits of their works, it must be owned that the general effect of their paintings is tame and feeble in comparison with those of the Munich artists. There is that kind of difference between them which there is between a tinted drawing and a vigorously coloured oil picture, or enamel.

Notwithstanding, however, that the art begins to be pursued in different places in Germany, Munich must be considered its present home in that country. It is to that quarter we must look would we see what it is really capable of achieving. Elsewhere its efforts are insulated, partial, occasional; there its energies are concentrated and organized, and backed by the favour and munificence of the sovereign, it has been so fully provided with the means of exerting itself, that within the course of a few years it has produced a series of works which, in regard to invention, style, and execution, are stamped by originality, and deserve to have a conspicuous place assigned them in the history of the arts during the nineteenth century. They are not merely detached specimens, showing the ability of the respective artists, but assume a far higher character as constituting of themselves a truly national undertaking, wherein, while ministering in the service of religion and fatherland, art constructs a splendid monument to its own honour.

CIVILIZATION VERSUS UNCIVILIZATION.

SOME philosophers and declaimers, disgusted with the vanities of polite society, have concluded that happiness and true dignity can exist only in the savage state. Herein I think they are manifestly wrong. There is an intermediate state, surely, between the opposite extremes of barbarism and extravagant refinement, better suited than either of them to the free and right exercise of man's intellectual endowments and natural affections. Man was right, it appears to me, when he betook himself to soap and water; neither is he without a respectable plea for his use of combs; nor can I, in my heart, think much the worse of him, for declining to eat his meat either raw or alive. In his moral conditions too, as well as in his external circum-

stances, I can make many allowances for his departure from some of the simplicities of Otaheite. His emancipation from thievish propensities, for instance, may be borne with; and his neglect of the "good old practice" of knocking young children or old persons on the head, when considered troublesome or unnecessary, is, in my opinion, absolutely commendable. These modest improvements are within the verge of the intermediate state that I have mentioned; and no man, perhaps, in clothes and his senses, would deliberately condemn them. If there were no such state, however, and the question of preference lay between a condition purely natural or savage, and the highest degree of what we call refinement—between a wigwam and a palace—the Boshies-men and the *beau-monde*—a man might hesitate in his decision, yet not be mad; or might finally turn from kings and their courts, and give his choice to his kindred in the woods, yet not be indifferent to the glories of human intellect, and the charms of human love and kindness.

Coarseness is the besetting sin of uncivilized life—while civilization in its excess degenerates into effeminacy, frivolity, and all the timid vices, headed by their chief, hypocrisy. Now coarseness is by no means incompatible with the highest attributes of mind, and often enters even into the gentlest charities of our nature—not indeed without violence to the softness of their exterior forms, but without injury to their vital pith and substance. We certainly cannot say this of that combination of feebleness, coldness, and affectation, however set off by polish, which is the peculiar produce of "the best society." The noblest creations of mind in poetry have abounded with extreme coarseness; and it has been questioned, whether this quality, the result of an irresponsible boldness and freedom, be not in some degree inseparable from the highest order of genius. The rules which govern taste, it has been said, frighten invention; they make a man at once decent and dull; lead to a smooth and unerring mediocrity, secure only of not giving offence, and at the same time subdue all that has most power to yield delight. Be this as it may in poetry, it is certain that, in the conduct of life, a studious and exclusive attention to refinement, with its small delicacies and critical punctilios, invariably tends to reduce substance and vigour, to cripple all freedom of action, and stifle all warmth and alacrity of feeling. Asperities are removed—coarseness is softened down; but with the same kind of consequences as attend the labours of certain renovators of old pictures, who, offended by here and there a speck of dirt, set themselves to scrubbing and scraping with such resolution, that dirt, and colour, and

form, yield before them, and a picture finally comes forth from their hands, smooth and clean, and nothing else.

Man, to shelter himself from the cold, put on clothing; and without stopping to enquire at present how much he may have lost by this measure in power and freedom of bodily action, as he gained something in point of comfort and enjoyment, we will admit that he did well. Having thus satisfied a plain necessity, he begins, under new influences of laziness and leisure, to improve and refine; makes a sort of plaything of his dress; converts it, without the least regard to its original purposes, into a simple subject of experimental decoration; pursues a continual round of unmeaning changes, only because they are changes, not adopting his finery to his body, but forcing his body to be the servant of his finery, turning it into a mere clothes peg—a convenient kind of thing made to show off the beauty of red cloth and shining satin. We admire all this it is true; though it would be difficult to justify ourselves to good taste for so doing—if taste has any connection with plain sense and common propriety. In the matter of dress, taste would certainly admit nothing tending to disguise the “fair proportions” of the body, or to obstruct the ease, and grace, and dignity, of its natural movements. We admire fine clothes wherever we see them; but purely on their own account. We look with delight on a procession of the nobility in their state dresses—a mere doating on rich stuffs and gaudy colours—an idle adoration of irrelevant velvet and impertinent feathers. We should admire them in the same spirit were they hung with variegated lamps; or could come to the grace, I have no doubt, with a little discipline, of regarding with a pleasing wonder, knights grand crosses, and commanders, rolling and ducking along in the guise of “*Jack in the Green*.” I have heard of a tribe of people in America, or somewhere, who, being rather ill-provided with the ordinary manufactures that supply the magnificence of dress, help out their poverty by borrowing from the more costly and portable part of their household furniture. Among them you shall see a dignitary, on state occasions, covered, under pretence of shirt and coat, with a miscellaneous load of crockery and hardware—glittering and jingling in a musical attire of tea-pots, spoons, warming-pan, and fire-irons. Very pretty all this, I am ready to grant, in a bare view of ornament. We sneer at the naked savage, besmeared with tallow and ochre; and his embellishments are certainly coarse enough, ill-applied, and none of the sweetest; but be it remembered that, simple and greasy as he stands, he can run down a fox at a moment's notice, or swim a river, or scale a precipice; while a

knight grand cross, in the full glory of his wardrobe, shall scarcely perchance be able to walk without help. After all, simplicity is the prime element of all that is truly great and lastingly pleasing. Whatever the proprietors of silk breeches and cocked hats may think of the matter, the naked figure exhibits man in his most striking form of beauty and power. I am not contending that every man out of his clothes is an Apollo: it is enough for my argument if it be admitted, that Apollo in a coat and breeches would at once lose all his dignity and grace.

A scheme of torture, analogous to that applied to dress, is extended by "the first circles" to all their concernments. Their passions and affections, their loves and friendships, are so encumbered with dull rites and irrelevant forms, that they can scarcely live under the load. They accumulate drapery and figure-work, till substance is quite buried under them, and nothing remains but hollow signs and heartless appearances; till dropping a card at his door is a visit to an acquaintance, and sending an empty coach to his funeral is mourning for a friend. Etiquette is the sovereign controller of conduct—the sole representative of nature, among certain classes. They cast out the unruly souls that were born with them, banish rebellious reason and pragmatism, and fill themselves with an entirely new order of machinery, quiet, precise, passive—and as true to the court calendar as the needle to the pole. The vulgar, or the mass of mankind, have heads and hearts, and will be thrusting themselves forward into all the serious duties and illustrious cares of life; so that nothing connected with the highest aims of reason and invention, or with the noblest or the kindest affections, is left untouched by their vile participation. How then, are "the great" to distinguish themselves from that horde? What sacred peculiarities can they assume, except certain small modes, superadded to the ordinary ways of doing ordinary things, which the multitude are too full of business and enjoyment to notice or imitate? Shut out from the animating bustle of common life—its anxious wants and earnest interests, they have no resource against time, and no provision for glory, except that of investing little things with great names; dignifying trifles by magnificent devices, and helping out their shortness and insipidity with circuitous ceremony and intricate parade. Think of the popular process of dispatching a pound or two of food into the stomach, to relieve hunger and emptiness, and then turn your attention to the multiplied entanglements—the plot and stratagem, of a grand dinner-party in high life. You and I "jump into" our clothes—"just swallow a mouthful"—"toss off" a draught—put on

our hats and "are off"—and still find enough to do before we take another jump—into bed: but such brevities of conduct would absolutely annihilate the great for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. We talk of the twinkling of an eye—and half a minute—divisions of time, which a man of quality has no conception of. His business is delay; his enjoyment, not to be lively in every thing, but to be long.

The worst effect of these forms and superfluities is, that they break down the energies of the mind, and thoroughly incapacitate a man from acting, in any circumstances, with directness and promptitude. They are not to be cast aside, as an artisan puts off his Sunday clothes, when they might distract his attention, and obstruct his labour. Once become endeared and habitual, they cling to a man for ever. Though adapted only to the service of a morning levee or an evening ball, he will be faithful to them under every aspect of fortune. If called upon for despatch by any untried emergency, however critical and perilous, he is called in vain: he must still refer to his little system of regulated movements, and prescribed delays; he has no notion of sudden impulses, and sudden action; he must have his appointed signals, and due *permits*; and though death should stare him in the face, will provide for his safety only according to law. He loves forms for their own sake: they have been capable, he has found, of giving interest to the smallest occasions, and the greatest occasions cannot induce him to dispense with them. The fatal capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes, was caused, Madame de Staël declares, "by some delays of form and ceremony, without which it was impossible for the king to get into his coach." As for bundling him in at once, and scampering off with him for his life, as though he had been nothing but a man in his senses, it was not to be thought of. True, the danger was pressing, and nothing less than death—but the *Gold Stick!* and the *Silver Stick!* and all the other sticks, bearing or borne, would you think of neglecting them for a moment, or in any moment.

Cardinal de Retz gives us an account of a charming little interlude of court politics happening in his time, which is strikingly illustrative of the absorbing influence of forms, and the kind of serious and impassioned frivolity that they fix in the mind—a frivolity not to be daunted by the threats and frowns of the most momentous occasions. At a period when the nation was in arms for its best and dearest rights, and the monarchy trembled to its very base, the Prince of Condé interceded, with his high authority, to have a stool at court granted to the Countess of Foix, a privilege hitherto enjoyed only by

duchesses. Mazarin opposes the measure with his whole soul, and incites all the young noblemen at court, to resist, with their lives, all orders for stools that were not granted upon special warrant. The prince seeing this formidable array, headed by the Marechal de l'Hôpital, thought it prudent to recede; though still not without trying some means of gratifying the pride and jealousy of his friend the Countess. As he could not raise her to a stool, the next best mode of establishing her equality, he thought, would be to pull the duchesses down; and accordingly, he proposed that all stools of all privileged houses should be suppressed. The family of Rohan was the first of the number, and would as soon have given up their lives. De Retz now took the alarm, and resolved upon a counter assembly "for maintaining the stool of the house of Rohan." He used, at the same time, all his personal influence with the Prince of Condé, and prevailed. "I promise you," said that great man, "not to oppose the privilege of the stool, in the house of Rohan." This point established, people could then proceed to consider, whether some measures might not be adopted for saving Paris from massacre and pillage. De Retz relates his story with the most perfect gravity, being himself not a little infected, with the great epidemic of courts, the disease of frivolity and forms. Hurrying one day to mediate between the soldiers and the people, in the heat and peril of a bloody scuffle, he had one of his pages wounded, he informs us, "*who held up his cassock behind.*" Conceive a man so attended in such a moment! Cardinals, it may be said, always have their trainbearers: and this is precisely what I have been contending for. The great must have their forms, cost what it may; fashion governs them like a fatality, bending to neither time nor circumstance. In their blind obedience, they remind me of a little animal I have read of, called the Lapland Marmot, whose instinct it is, when in motion, to advance invariably straight forwards. Whatever impediments may oppose it, fire or water, this instinct prevails: it can indulge in neither circuit nor "short cut;" if it encounters a well, it plunges into it and is seen crawling up on the other side; if it is stopped by a hay-stack it gnaws its way through it; if it meets a boat on the water, it passes over it—in short, it gives way to nothing, and goes round nothing, but keeps boring on in its inflexible line, "through dense and rare," though its life should be the sacrifice of its constancy.

Age and approaching death, one would imagine, might sober even a courtier; force him at last to be in earnest; to put away all solemn trifling and imposture, and prepare for his change in simplicity and

truth. The case, however, is otherwise. Decrepitude, with its rigid back, may have its little tricks; and something in the way of juggle and show may be got up even on a death-bed. As long as there is breath, there may be etiquette—nay, when a man has ceremoniously ceased to exist, his cold and corrupting remains may yet go through their course of mummery, under the direction of his surviving and sympathetic friends: he may “lie in state” till he is quite rotten, and then be carried to the grave in the face of day, amidst the palpable woe of a thousand coaches, all respectfully empty, a state hearse, and a lid of feathers. Madame du Deffand, on her death-bed, though without an atom of religious feeling in her heart, would on no account go out without the polite custom of a clergyman—making, however, an especial provision against being disturbed by any seriousness of meaning on the occasion. “Monsieur le Curé,” said the dying penitent to the priest that attended her, “you will be perfectly satisfied with me, as I shall be with you, if you perplex me with no reasons, questions, or sermons.” Montaigne cites a very remarkable instance of death-bed foolery. Speaking of the insignificance of death in certain minds, he mentions a great man who spent his last hours in arranging the honours of his own funeral. Having earnestly solicited the attendance of his friends of rank and wealth, and settled with minute exactness the whole method and order of this his final show, he seemed quite at ease, and died content. “I have seldom heard,” adds Montaigne, “of so long-lived a vanity.”

On such a system of refinement as this, the great, that is, the *very* great, found their claims to superiority over the bulk of mankind;—the vulgar, the people, the rabble, or any other contemptuous collective you please, that shall designate the active, thinking, feeling crowd, whose pitiful lot it is to fill up their time with useful industry, or natural enjoyments. He is the first in rank who is least independent of rules and ceremonies. The Court Calendar, that unanswerable distributor of degrees, so determines, and there can be no doubt of it. An earl is greater than a baron, a duke is greater than an earl, and a king takes precedence of all. Greater than a king! Inconceivable! A Welsh bishop once made an apology for preferring God to his majesty. The question of precedence was delicate, but the deity, it was believed, in the phrase of the court, had the *pas*.

Contemplating enormities like these, one is disposed almost to justify Rousseau, or any man, in abhorring the very name of civilization, and, in a paroxysm of overpowering disgust, might exclaim,—“Send us to our caves again—strip us to the wind, and rain, and

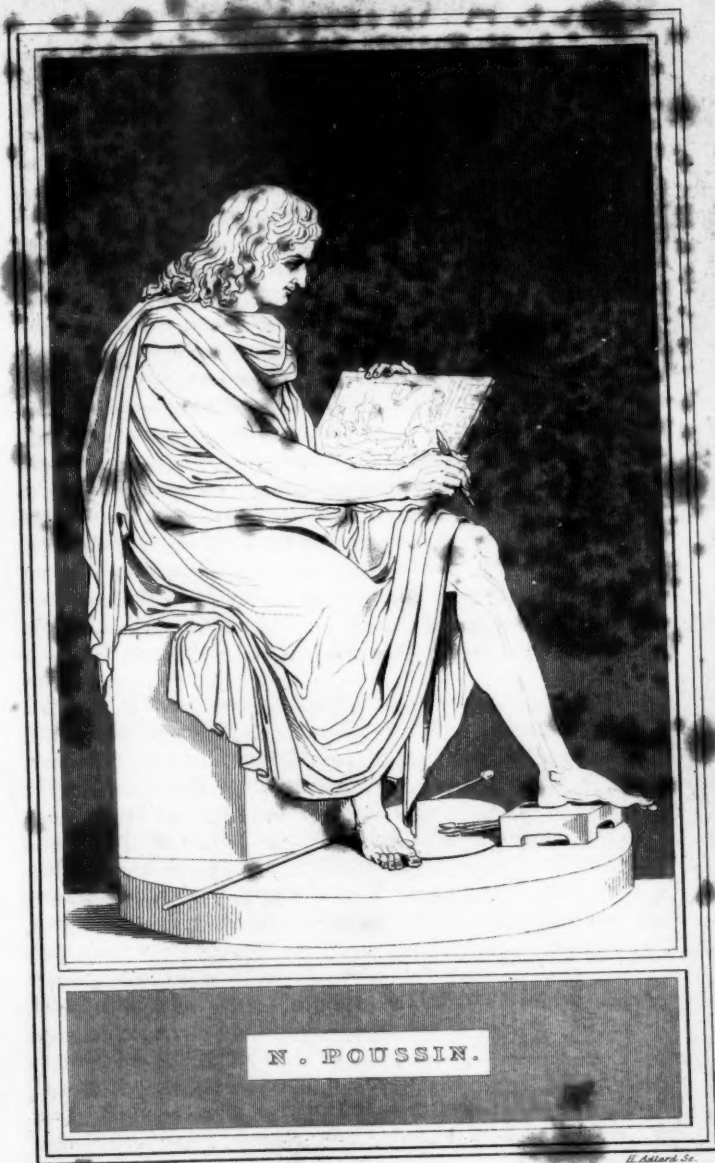
sun; give us our gross loves—our fierce hatred—our bloody revenge; any thing, if it be but nature." Such a burst over, we soon take heart again, and perceive that there is no pressing necessity for adopting so tremendous a remedy. Etiquette, in its mawkish mixture of stateliness and imbecility, though the exclusive currency of the "first society" does not certainly represent human nature in an attractive dress. But civilization is not responsible for its abominations, and she can point to millions upon millions of useful, intelligent, and happy creatures of her work, to refute such a scandal.

We may remember too for our comfort, that, even in the class which, by right of station, is most chargeable with the sins of vanity and affectation, there are numberless illustrious examples, with whom high rank is but subsidiary to all that can exalt and adorn human nature. The mere puppets of etiquette are, in this country at least, in a minority, even at court. The capability of folly is pretty equally distributed among all classes: we can only say, that it is most likely to meet with dangerous encouragement among those who are farthest removed from the restraints of wholesome labour, and the sobering cares of common life. A man who has his bread to get, has no time to make himself *very* ridiculous.

NICOLAS POUSSIN.

NICOLAS POUSSIN stands at the head of the French school of historical painting: Jouvenet, Le Suer, Le Brun, David, and others yield to him in knowledge of composition, drawing, and classic purity of feeling. Having been for a long time the scholar of a countryman, an insignificant painter, Quintin Varin by name, Poussin found, on his arrival at Rome, how mighty was the contrast between Roman and French art, and how dark was the path he hitherto had been following. The remains of pure ancient art, both in sculpture and architecture,—the magnificence and sublimity of the modern school, awoke in Poussin a love for the antique which never forsook him. In those works even wherein it is not necessary to be strictly classical and correct,—such as his many and beautiful designs from Holy Writ, the influence of the ancients is predominant.

Fuseli, the most erudite and classical critic of ancient and modern art, points out in his lectures the beauties, resources, and general characteristics of Poussin. He says that, "he found on his arrival in Italy, that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his master's prin-



N. POUSSIN.

Julius Fort

H. Adlard Sc.

Arnolds Magazine of Fine Arts.

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ciples; he renounced the national character, and not only with the utmost ardour adopted, but suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that it may be said he less imitated their spirit than copied their relics, and painted sculpture; the costume, the mythology, the rites of antiquity were his element; his scenery, his landscape, are pure classic ground." To form a just estimate of Poussin's genius, the artist and the lover of art should view his works in the gallery of the Louvre, contrast them as opposed to Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, Guercino, Vandyke, Rubens and others. The blooming flesh, the "roseate hue," and glowing tints, the intricacies of line deploying into line, and forms exuberant with animal spirit, to be seen in Rubens, appear superficially to embody all that can be aimed at in art, and overpower the apparent feebleness from the evanescent colouring, and frigid effect of Poussin's works. But the classic taste, which could not be portrayed by Rubens, he in part retrieves by his knowledge of design; whilst the refinement of Poussin make us contented for the loss of splendid colouring. But the painting which, above all others, places him in the highest rank of art,—which shows the mighty difference between sentiment inspired by a feeling of the passions, or that incited by classical taste and refined reasoning, is that picture in the Louvre, known as "The Deluge." "It is easier to feel than to describe its powers," says Fuseli, "what we see before us is the element itself, and not its image; its reign is established, and by calm degrees engulphs the whole; it mocks the food it feeds on! Its lucid haze has shorn the sun of his beams; Hope is shut out, and Nature expires." Such is the eloquent and impressive description given of it by Fuseli. The painting represents a group of father, son, wife, and child; who as yet have not been engulfed in the "mighty waters." On the right is a jutting piece of land, and the scathed trunk of a tree, to which the aged and decrepid father has clung; next comes the robust and manly form of the son, who with one hand grasps the tree, whilst the other is extended to the assistance of his wife; and she too, with convulsive energy, clutches her child. But the horror is to come. The tree bends beneath the unusual weight, and the bough is in the act of splitting, to which the whole family are clinging. Here neither the feelings, nor the imagination are offended by a palpable delineation of horrors, but the despair, the knowledge of inevitable destruction, the last convulsive throbs for life, are dimly left to be pictured by the fancy and the imagination. In this picture Poussin depicted sublimity and pathos.

In the National Gallery are several of Poussin's designs, and although not of his best, they still serve to illustrate his style, and to put the student continually in mind of the severity and classicality of the Roman school. Deficient as he may be in the more seductive charms of colour and general nature; such, however, is the refined taste, and elevated feeling pervading all his works, that whether in figures, or purely landscape paintings, he never fails to command our admiration, and to point a moral for the accomplishment of high art.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER BY SEA AND LAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

To all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write,
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.

*Ballad written at sea in the first Dutch war, 1665, the
 night before an engagement.*

IT being the wish of a friend of mine connected with this magazine, that I should communicate to his readers some of the scenes which I had frequently related to himself, I cheerfully comply with his request. I must, however, premise, that a sweet cadence, or an elegantly turned period must not be expected from one whose life has been all action and vicissitude in naval and military service,—whose ideas have been associated with the billows of the ocean, and the din of war,—and whose experience has subsequently been connected with the exterminating contentions of Colombia. Had I the graphic powers of a Basil Hall, I might have presented a narrative of events calculated to amuse and instruct all people desirous of practical information from an eye witness. My adventures “by flood and field,” might then indeed have found a place worthy of a name in the literary annals of my country, though it should appear that I had not accomplished a full share of professional patronage. As, however, I know that there are some few people who are able to appreciate a grateful effort to comply with the wishes of a friend—who are practical, and not merely theoretical in their views of men and things,—and stand removed from the prejudices of the world, I offer to them this plain statement with the

candour of a sailor. I shall also, as I think best, consult the tastes of my readers by avoiding, as much as possible, technical phraseology and sea jargon; conceiving, as I do, that no man is the better sailor for wearing blue clothes and a cocked hat on land; or that round oaths and a swaggering rolling gait can at all increase his importance as a social being. It must be known too, that I detest quaint words as I do wry faces, unless the one be the result of bad education, and the other the effect of accident or misfortune; and then I know how to pity their possessors. It is by no means necessary that a man's nature should be changed by his occupation; for habit, though ever so potent, ought not to prevail against a sense of better taste on other occasions. What if the lawyer, for instance, in Westminster Hall, is obliged to be alternately elaborate and sententious, that is no reason why we should be always annoyed with his long speeches in a mixed company, where the charm of conversation is kept alive by a sprinkling of remarks from each person, and a general interchange of sentiments in quick succession. Affected levity, or affected constraint of manner, is to me equally obnoxious. I have thought it necessary to say thus much, in order to place myself on a fair footing with my readers, that they may know that the humble contributor of these pages disdains all artifice on the present occasion, but possesses a regard for the amenities of society. But above all things, I am most anxious to assure my readers, that the vanity of appearing in print has the least to do with my present undertaking, and with the future articles which I intend to supply, in reference to my adventurous life. But if this representation of the scenes which I have witnessed can contribute to the amusement or instruction of the readers of this periodical, they shall receive a few more of my lucubrations.—

“ All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.”

I am descended from an ancient and illustrious family, whose escutcheons emblazon some of the noblest remains of antiquity in the counties of Somerset and Wilts. In Berkshire too, their names are conspicuous, and their deeds are recorded in the annals of chivalry, and the richest lore of English history in subsequent times, when bravery in arms and hospitality in peace were esteemed as virtues worthy of English barons. But for their deeds, I should have

forborne to mention my ancestors, for I am deeply sensible that rank avails nothing when virtue does not emblazon those accidental circumstances which have tended to place one man superior in life to another. The title by which my family were designated, has long been in abeyance, and their riches passed from their descendants by royal confiscation during the reign of Henry VIII., and in some more recent instances by means of those abominable fictions of legal practice, called Fines and Recoveries.

My ancestors do not appear to have studied to enrich their own family; but record has shown them to have been conspicuous in relieving the oppressed and unfortunate; and tradition says, that their hospitable gates were never closed against the stranger. Sufficient memorials of their beneficence remain in the counties I have mentioned. Even roads in Wilts, which were made by them, are still passable, and the untutored stranger journeys over them without knowing to whom he is indebted for his personal safety, and the convenience of his traffic, instead of having to wade through a morass.

My father was the son of a major in the British army, and his mother having died when *enciente*, he was brought into the world by means of the Cæsarean operation. The major served at the siege of Quebec, and his lady gave birth to a daughter during the siege. The roaring noise of the cannon shook the infant's brain, and she continued insane until her death at the age of 40. A strange fatality seems to have attended many members of our family, at, or near the time of their birth: but the most woful tragedy attended the birth of the major, whose father was murdered in the most brutal manner by two sheriff's officers,* his mother being near the period of parturition.

The major married a lady of Halifax, who brought him three sons and one daughter. The eldest son was intended for the church, and received a university education. He, however, preferring the army, entered that service, and remained in it until his death. The second son was a surgeon, and stood very high in the estimation of the celebrated Cline. He died about five years since, when surgeon-general of one of his Majesty's colonies. The third son was my father, who was brought up to the profession of the law, which being contrary to his taste he neglected it, and plunged into the stormy path of politics.

* See Strange's Reports, p. 449. The delinquents were tried for their lives, but the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, upon which the judge who presided said, "Gentlemen, you ought to have hung them for their barbarity." They were, however, only burnt in the hand.

He married one of the daughters of a late paymaster of the navy. My father's taste for politics proved ruinous to the interests of his family. He was attached to the whig party, and lent the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox 10,000*l.*, which was never repaid. He was much attached to that great statesman, and used to speak of his memory with tears. My mother's family belonged to the other party in politics; and thus matters did not go on smoothly between my father and them. My mother gave birth to two sons and a daughter, and died when I was but four years of age. The value of her life I was then too young to appreciate, but her loss I have since deeply deplored, as to that unhappy circumstance I attribute many of my misfortunes. After the death of my mother, the contentions between my father and her family so increased, that my father parted from them, leaving his children under the care of my paternal grandfather. My brother and sister were put to school, but I being very young, accompanied my grandfather into Kent, and he placed me under the care of my mother's sister, who had married a post captain in his Majesty's navy, then expected from India. A gloom was soon cast over her house by the arrival of intelligence, that the Sceptre of 74 guns, which her husband commanded, had been wrecked off Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and that my uncle, having refused to quit the ship, he, together with his son, heroically perished, though the greater part of the crew were saved. Driven almost to distraction at the loss of her husband and son, my aunt retired to her room, and never once quitted it for twelve months. It was with difficulty that she could be persuaded to reappear in society: she did not consent until my grandfather had used all the arts of persuasion, by declaiming on the vanity of human wishes, and using every argument to show how visionary were all anticipations of happiness.

Shortly after this tragical event, I was sent to London, and put to school where my brother was; and where I experienced the kindest of treatment. I was soon afterwards taken from that school and placed in another, where a very different line of conduct was pursued towards me. My brother having received an appointment as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, left school; after which the tyrant pedagogue behaved to me in the most reckless manner. He knew that I had been deprived of my mother by death, and conceiving that, as I was left at school during the vacation, there was no person who could feel any interest in my happiness, he degraded me by imposing the most menial offices upon me, and paid no attention to my education. He even compelled me to clean shoes and knives for his family. At length, be-

coming weary of such indignities, I ran away from school, and wandered about for nearly a fortnight, begging my way from place to place, and sleeping in barns or under trees at night ; until being discovered by a publican, near Blackheath, in an almost lifeless state, I was taken to his house, and paid proper attention. My grandfather, on being written to, paid this man a handsome gratuity, in addition to his charge for my board. I was afterwards replaced at the same school, under a promise of better treatment for the future. This promise was little attended to ; for in a few days after my grandfather had left town, the monster of a schoolmaster treated me with increased barbarities. I wrote to my kind relative, informing him of the faithless conduct of the schoolmaster, and his disregard of his promise, and in consequence I was released from the cruel thralldom of my situation, and placed again with my aunt. She, poor creature, with the same generous regard for my welfare which she had ever evinced, sympathized with me in my misfortunes, remonstrated with her father and brother respecting the danger of placing me again in the same school, and at length persuaded them to send me to a respectable establishment kept by a clergyman on Hounslow Heath. Here I received every mark of kindness that I could expect, and a due attention was paid to my education. My want of aptitude, to receive all the benefit I could have derived from the valuable instruction of this worthy man, will ever be a source of regret to me. Still, however, the little rudimental knowledge I obtained was derived at this school, and I shall ever cherish a recollection of the kindness and urbanity of my preceptor. His name was the Rev. Dr. Scott.

During my stay at Dr. Scott's school, I received many letters from my brother, who was at that time a master's mate on board His Majesty's ship *Herald*. I wrote to him indicating my wish to enter the navy ; but he urged every thing in his power to dissuade me from it, and I for a time consented to follow his advice. The battle of Trafalgar, which occurred when I was about twelve years of age, soon however renewed my former inclination, and the death of Nelson, though it diffused a melancholy alloy over the public mind, calculated to depreciate the price of the victory, tended still more to stimulate my desire for the service. The glory of such a death, added to the well merited sympathy of the nation, made the tragical fate of that immortal hero a source of enviable regard, and I panted for the opportunity when I too might live in the annals of fame. But how vain are youthful predilections ! In them there is no calculation of consequences,—no regard for probabilities,—no tendency to estimate the want of opportunities : the delusive influence of self will alone predo-

minates, in spite of all the obstacles which are naturally presented; and the advice of friends, (whose age and experience enable them better to judge of circumstances) 'is treated with scorn by the wayward infatuated youth, who imagine that they are inspired with sentiments far above what they conceive to be the *prejudiced* opinions of their sage advisers.

Such were the thoughts and conclusions of my mind at that tender period of life. I had an uncle who held a very responsible situation in His Majesty's service, and to him I applied for an appointment in the navy.

" Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean,
That age should reason, youth desire."

Finding that my predispositions were not to be subdued by admonition, my uncle acceded to my request, and wrote to my father and gained his consent. I was then taken from school at the time when I was beginning to make a progress in useful knowledge, and was sent to Portsmouth to my uncle (my mother's brother) who received me in the most affectionate manner, soon procured a ship for me, and furnished me with a handsome equipment. I may here observe that the circumstance of my mother having died when I was only four years old, no doubt materially influenced my uncle's conduct towards me; his sympathy knew no bounds, and a charitable regard for my little foibles and indiscretions predominated in his breast: for he viewed me as an orphan, and considered me as much entitled to his protection as his own son.

After remaining some time at my uncle's house, and experiencing his kindness and hospitality, I joined His Majesty's ship *Boreas*, Captain Scott. I must here make a short digression. The name of a ship has a powerful influence over the imagination of sailors, and the manner in which they associate their ideas of names with their characteristics is oftentimes not a little whimsical. For instance, if a ship happen to possess a classical name, so that its import be not associated with qualities which they can understand, they are sure to pervert the name to one in accordance with their own ideas of power associated with sound. I have often been much diverted with the conversations of a boat's crew, about some ship which I had never heard of in the nomenclature of the admiralty. The *Bellerophon* was by them invariably called "the Billy rough one," and that with a grave and serious air, as if the "conversationists" were quite unconscious of a blunder.

The sons of Neptune are sometimes disposed to be merry with names. I have known many instances of this description; but the most amusing fact was stated to me by a brother officer of mine, who had sailed in a ship, with an officer on board called Vanheythusen, whom the crew, as they could not recollect the proper cognomen, at all times in common parlance designated by "the man of a thousand." The superstitious dread which sailors entertain, in reference to the names of ships that have been lost at sea, is perhaps less surprising, as it is in some measure associated with the practice of most people in other walks of life, with regard to their several undertakings. Two ships of the name of Boreas had been lost, and our crew predicted, before we sailed, that the third ship of the same name must meet with the same fate. The poor fellows were in sad spirits at sailing, and felt conscious that they should soon meet with a watery grave. Alas! their prediction was in a great measure verified.

My own feelings were widely different from those of my companions. I went on board the Boreas on a Sunday morning in June, 1807. The clear sky, and serene aspect of the waters presented a charm to my youthful mind. I was elated with hope, and felt enamoured of my new profession. I dined with the captain, and received from that worthy man every assurance of encouragement and attention: and, unconscious of the danger which awaited me, I parted with my uncle in good spirits, though it was next to a miracle that I ever saw him again.

In a few days we sailed for Guernsey, which we reached without any particular occurrence. I was a little sea-sick, but soon got over that infirmity. Guernsey was at the time very much infested with smugglers, with whom we used to have very serious conflicts on shore. We sailed from that port, and cruized in the Channel under the command of Lord Keith. In a short time we were ordered back to Guernsey, to hoist the flag of Admiral Sir James Saumarez (now Lord De Saumarez). We were in sight of the island at about noon, and expected to be safe in port by the evening. At about dusk, however, it came on to blow hard, and we picked up a pilot boat containing six pilots, and sheltered them under our lee. The wind and sea now began to increase, until at length we began to entertain serious apprehensions that we should not weather the rocks. At about half past five o'clock P. M. the ship struck, and the masts went by the lee. When she first went upon the rocks her bows were almost perpendicular; but after being in that position some time she broke away a fragment of rock, and fell upon a lower shelving, with a tremendous

crash. Soon afterwards the assistant surgeon and about thirty men were washed overboard. The guns had broke adrift, and were rolling about the deck. The condition of the crew was now frightful in the extreme. Their mutilated appearance, with their limbs lying about in fragments, and crushed by the rolling cannon and splinters, was a spectacle more horrible than I have ever witnessed in the warmest engagement: and I have seen hot work in the Peninsula and in South America, as a subsequent part of my narrative will sufficiently manifest. I have already observed on the superstitions of sailors: in continuation of that subject, I will briefly describe their conduct on this melancholy occasion. Callous to all thoughts of eternity, they merely seemed to pay regard to the *inconvenience* of their present situation, some were swearing, others laughing, but all seemed either to scorn death, or to meet it with firmness. The majority of the crew however were blaming an old bumboatwoman who had come on board, and whom they had not paid for her viands: and attributed to her and that unlucky circumstance all their present disasters. But to proceed with the narrative of the wreck:—the pumps were soon choked, and then all hopes were given up. The decks soon fell in, and such of the crew as had survived hitherto, and were not too much maimed, used all their efforts to escape. The captain remained firm, and was determined not to leave the ship. He had intimated that intention a short time before, and afterwards endeavoured to persuade his wife, who was on board, to avail herself of the best means to save her life. But she, noble creature! declared that she would never leave him. They were in the cabin after this mutual exchange of sentiments, awaiting the progress of their fate, until the water became as high as their waists; when some of the crew, thinking there might be a chance for their escape, slung a rope around them, and hoisted them out of the cabin through the cabin window. The captain and his lady then got upon spars, and were floating until five o'clock on the following morning, (28th November, 1807), when the captain, unable any longer to keep hold, sank to rise no more. His wife, still faithful to her declaration, cried out, "Alas, poor Scott! I now no longer wish to live:" and voluntarily relinquished all hope of life, and followed her husband to the deep. I, together with the purser and about thirty more, got upon a rock, which we had clambered up with considerable difficulty, the weather being very cold. This was a poor resting place: in a short time the tide rose higher, and buried my companions. Fortunately I remained upon the summit during twenty-

four hours, after which I was taken away by an officer, of the *Inconstant* frigate, who proved to be my brother-in-law.

On the night of the wreck no assistance could be afforded to us, although we were not more than a mile and a half from the shore, the weather was so tempestuous, and the sea ran so high. Admiral Saumarez was on the beach the whole night, and offered a considerable reward to any person who would venture off. He had a place prepared for such of the crew as reached the shore, and had warm tea, in preference to spirits, for them to drink. He then ordered them to be rolled up in blankets and placed in bed. Words can but poorly express the gratitude which I feel to this excellent officer, whose bravery is equalled by his humanity. He knew what best suited the condition of the crew at the time, though they were calling out for grog, and declaring that he was an old woman, because he gave them tea.

On the third day after the wreck, not a vestige of the ship could be seen. I was taken on board his Majesty's ship *Inconstant*, which bore the Admiral's flag, and I was treated by the officers and crew of that ship with great attention.

I soon went on shore, and it was somewhat curious to me to see the people flock around me. Every individual seemed anxious for my fate, and many of the good folks asked me to their houses. I could not of course visit them all, but I stayed at a gentleman's house in Guernsey, and used to dine occasionally with various families. I shall, till my latest breath, ever remember with gratitude the worthy people of Guernsey.

The picture that presented itself at the island was truly affecting; officers and men were daily picked up near the shore, and consigned, thirty at a time, to "mother earth." The brave Captain Scott and his lady were soon discovered.

When I was picked up from the wreck, little hope was entertained that I should live. I had lain down on the rock with my hand under my head, and became quite torpid. When taken on board the *Inconstant* I became delirious. My life has however been spared for other scenes equally horrible and affecting.

(*To be continued.*)

A REFLECTION.

WHILST gazing upon the cloudless splendour of a summer's sky, I fell into a reflection upon the futility and insignificance of all earthly pursuits when compared with the works of nature. The glorious orb of day, which is still dispensing joy and gladness to all, nothing deteriorated or impaired, shone as brightly centuries ago;—but where are those it shone upon? gone! passed as a mist, and nought remembered of them.

Perchance in this spot walked a youth panting for distinction, his young blood rising at the visions of splendour called up by his aspiring imagination. A few years have passed away and he is dead;—he had pursued the paths of ambition pointed out to him in his early dreams, he had succeeded in all he attempted; yet had he not gained happiness or content; the accomplishment of his greatest desire served but to point out farther objects to his ambitious views. So it is with man generally; ever grasping at that he has not, and caring nothing for that which is in his power, always counting upon the future, and discontented with the present;—as a child he wishes for boyhood—the boy longs to be a man—and the life of the man is but a succession of desires and speculations, ending in death.

G. G. JUN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE RUBICON.

THE Rubicon, the Rubicon, before the warrior lay.
 Rome's bound'ry stream was at his feet, and barr'd his destin'd way.
 Silent awhile the hero stood, with doubts that slept till then,
 And fears then for the first time known, and never felt again.
 He came in glory and in might, the vanquisher of Gaul,
 To crush a hated rival's sway, and bid a nation fall;
 Soon shall his parricidal sword with Roman blood be stain'd,
 That victor sword which long for her had many a triumph gain'd.
 Yet for a moment did he pause, tho' but a feeble stream
 Arose betwixt him and the prize of bold ambition's dream;

Not yet the fatal wave was crost, not yet the deed was done,
 Which sullied all the victories his earlier zeal had won.
 Then flash'd on his repentant mind the reverence of old,
 When her fam'd wreath was valu'd more than diadems of gold ;
 His proudest boast beneath her feet that laurel crown to lay,
 And mark the prostrate nations round submitting to her sway.
 When she was all that men revere—a magic in her name ;
 In virtue as in arms supreme—unstain'd with guilt or shame ;
 The city of the great and brave, the noble and the free,
 The victors of a thousand fields, the lords of earth and sea.

Yet must a rival reap the fruit of all his thankless toil,
 And he, her first and worthiest chief, an exile from her soil ;
 Denied the meed of victory, and forced to seek a home
 Amid the savage realms he quell'd, away from fame and Rome.
 No, tho' her freedom sink in night, her blood be pour'd like rain,
 No other o'er the sons of Rome, a conqueror shall reign ;
 Cæsar alone in triumph there, her destinies shall lead,
 And wield th' unconquer'd strength that bids a thousand nations bleed.
 On, on to Rome ! the conflict brief, of hope and fear is past ;
 Dost thou not, Rome, at distance hear, the rushing of the blast ?
 It tells thee that thy sway is o'er, it wings a chief to thee,
 Fall'n is the mistress of the world, and Rome no longer free.
 Plunging he spake, and whirlwind-like, his legions following came
 On fire to win the promis'd prize, and share their leader's fame.
 Rome, from thy deathlike slumber wake ! thy hour is fleeting fast ;
 Cæsar in might resistless comes ! the Rubicon is past !

THE PASSAGE OF ARMS.

The facts of this tale may be found in Monstrelet's Chronicles.

KING STEPHEN holds a tournament at Salisbury to-day,
 And round him are assembled the noble and the gay ;
 But who is he, on coal-black steed, in coal-black armour drest,
 With beaver down, upon whose front there waves a snow-white crest ?
 " 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! " is passed around among the glittering throng—
 Sir Alfred Lee, the Raven-born, the gentle and the strong.

The trumpets sound, the heralds give the signal for the charge,
 Each steed is spurr'd—the warriors meet, and rent is many a targe,

And many a knight who vainly plac'd in mail of proof his trust,
 With helm unlac'd, or cuirass riv'n, is rolling in the dust;
 But who is he, before whose strokes the bravest knights go down?
 'Tis Alfred Lee, the Raven-born, of chivalry the crown.

A few are now remaining who yet the field contest,
 Some by their squires are borne away, and prostrate lie the rest,
 And fewer still may now be found, who dare to try their chance,
 To cross the white plum'd warrior's sword, or with him break a lance.
 The king has thrown his warder down, the marshalls stop the fight,
 And Lee to hail as conqueror the brave and fair unite.

A golden cross with courteous praise to him the king assigns,
 With jewels bright, well earn'd by one whose valour brighter shines,
 He lowly bows to saddle bow, and turns his steed away,
 And slowly rides around the lists, which he has grac'd to-day;
 He draws his rein—the multitude rise eagerly to see
 Who is the chosen sovereign of brave Sir Alfred Lee.

Before the Lady Isabelle de Vere he checks his steed,
 And ev'n Sir Alfred's homage *she* merits well indeed,
 He sinks his spear, upon whose point there shines the jewell'd toy,
 She bends towards her favour'd knight with looks of modest joy,—
 But ah!—what means that fearful cry—the gallery front gives way!
 She falls upon the lance of Lee, the victor in the fray.

With horror and compassion deep throng round the brave and fair,—
 'Tis past, and Isabel has left this world of grief and care;
 But where is Alfred, why is he not foremost tho' in vain?
 Alas! he too has met his death on Salisb'ry's fatal plain!
 His heart is broken, he is gone, how could he live forlorn!
 One grave receives fair Isabelle, and Lee the Raven-born.

Roderick G. U.

HUMILIATION.

How fine our feelings when we kneel,
 And pray the fervent prayer,
 That God his mercy will reveal,
 And every fault repair!

How fine our feelings when we trust
 That error is forgiven !
 And hope releas'd from mortal dust
 To tread the paths of heaven !

Just such the bliss the christian shares,
 On heavenly truths relying,
 Which soothe his soul, dispel his fears,
 And comfort him when dying.

C. S.

ON PATRONAGE AND PREJUDICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE OF FINE ARTS.

SIR,—In the last number of your very useful and interesting publication, there appears an article on "Patronage and Prejudice," upon which I beg to offer a few remarks.

You may remember that the object of the letter of Philo-Artes was to commend to the notice of persons having the control of exhibitions, the scheme of his friend, Martin Maguillp, for destroying the prejudice which induces the visitor to pass by in contempt, the productions of obscure merit, and to bestow the whole of his attention and patronage on those of known and popular artists. The scheme was simply this:—the abolition of the custom of putting artist's names in the catalogue.

I am not going to deny the premises upon which Mr. Maguillp builds his complaint. I admit that people *do* ask for the pictures of celebrated painters, and I admit also that the public are more frequently guided in their applause by the popularity of the painter, than by the merit of his work. I admit too that this "prejudice would be entirely destroyed" by Mr. Maguillp's scheme. But I think, notwithstanding, that the remedy would be infinitely worse than the disease.

There are probably three causes which induce the enquiry of which Mr. Maguillp, naturally enough, complains. They are—first—The anxiety which a real lover and judge of pictures feels, to pounce immediately upon what he conceives likely to be the choice bits of the exhibition. Secondly—The desire of the ignorant visitor to ascertain what it is which competent men consider as excellence—we may go farther perhaps, and say—a wish to learn to admire a good picture as well as other people. And thirdly—the desire, on the part of conceited ignorance, to be thought "knowing."

I throw overboard at once the class of visitors who are influenced by the third cause. I never could make any thing out of conceited ignorance. The disease is utterly incurable. In behalf of the first and second, I venture a few words.

It is obviously impossible for any man, at a single visit, to study the whole range of pictures with which the exhibition rooms of Somerset House, the Suffolk Street Gallery, or the British Institution present. It is not surprising then, that the visitor should begin with those which come from the pencils of his favourite artists. I pursue this course myself. If I begin at No. 1. I shall probably lose, for that day at least, the chance of seeing some picture which I have heard extolled as a choice specimen of art. I therefore prefer selecting that particular picture first. I will not pass the rest unnoticed; nor am I a whit the less sensible of their merits when I reach them. I have merely paid that homage to known merit, which it surely deserves. If I have the good fortune to meet with some piece of extraordinary worth from a hand as yet uncelebrated, I shall feel a similar interest for works from the same pencil next year. To a man who is really a judge of pictures, the only consequence of Mr. Maguill's suggestion would be, the necessity for cursorily running over the walls of the room, instead of the pages of his catalogue. A very slight glance would enable a practised eye to detect the performance of a favorite master—far too slight to enable it to discover unknown worth. The success of art and its professors is not, Philo-artes, may rest assured, to be secured by stratagem so forced and illiberal as that of poor Mr. Maguill. A young author might, as reasonably insist upon the same regulation with respect to books. Only imagine a man being compelled to turn over a bookseller's whole stock himself, in search of the work which he now gets in five minutes by reference to the catalogue!

Now let us imagine the case of a person who with a natural predilection for art, has nevertheless an uncultivated taste—what would be the probable effect of depriving him of the guide to excellence afforded by the affix of the artists' names to their productions in the catalogue? Evidently this—That he would be attracted by the extravagant and meretricious rather than by the natural and chaste. His imagination would become vitiated, and instead of becoming the patron of modest and unknown merit, he would fall into the snares laid for him by the impudent pretender. Now, the class of persons whose case I am here considering is decidedly the most numerous; and a blow would thus be struck at English art, which it would not recover for centuries. The great obstruction to the progress of art is the general ignorance of the

public—its only real patron. Let people be taught to know what is good, and we need not fear that they will be perverse enough to reward only that which is bad. But the chief value of exhibitions consists in the instruction which they convey to the public. It is this very means of instruction which Mr. Maguill's scheme would most effectually succeed in neutralizing.

I have observed that the public are the only real patrons of art. This is a fundamental truth, which authors have long since discovered if painters have not. He who puts his trust in individual patronage rests upon a rotten staff. Like poor Mr. Maguill he will scarcely fail to become the victim either of caprice or of intrigue. A fit of the bile may doom him for six months to a garret and semi-starvation. Nor is the baneful influence of such patronage confined to the "creature comforts" of its victim. It is an accursed spell upon his imagination. It is a chilling damp which dulls the enthusiasm of genius. It compels the pencil to keep the same mill-horse round. The painter bestrid by such an incubus is an eternal copyist of himself. He is afraid to deviate from that peculiar course which first charmed his patron, lest the light of his countenance should be withdrawn. He works but for a solitary mind, and it is next to impossible that he should meet with one so constituted as to sympathize with every mood by which his own shall be governed. Contrast this slavery with the vigorous freedom which he enjoys who suffers under no such enervating constraint. He yields fearlessly to the bent of his genius, for he works for the million. If his picture is not understood by one, it is by another—a consciousness which gives a soul to his efforts, and a firmness and elasticity to his touch. He pockets no ignorant insults, for he has sold to no man the supposed right to inflict them. In a word, he is not the slave of a patron.

"The painter," says Maguill, "who is fed up with the idea of being able to shine as a leading character, and is forsaken when he is half way, cannot possibly be any thing but a miserable being—his works are not good enough to fetch a high price, because he is not a popular artist of the day, and this merely for want of a steady patron; surely he may have some little excuse for misanthropy." I am sorry I can afford him no such luxury. He mistakes his case. He is miserable, not because he has had only a half and half patron, but because *he has had* a patron of any sort. His lamentations compel me to think that he has fallen into a way of life for which nature had never intended him. What a melancholy contrast is there between his complaints—his wishes that he had been rather brought up to some

"useful trade"—and the patient, the calm enjoyment with which the true worshipper of art sits at his easel—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"There is a pleasure in painting that none but painters know." I have known men who have felt this pleasure so intensely, that they would not have exchanged their humble suburban apartment and its scanty furniture, for all the luxuries which fortune could bestow upon them, if they could be purchased simply by the abandonment of their beloved pursuit. "For myself," to quote the late Mr. Hazlitt, "and for the real comfort and satisfaction of the thing, I had rather have been Jan Steen or Gerard Dow, than the greatest casuist or philologer that ever lived."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant and sincere well wisher,
VANDYKE BROWN.

ON ARTISTICAL CRITICISMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF ARNOLD'S MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR,—I tender these observations, in order to set aside a prevailing system of the improper way in which names of living artists are used in critiques upon art. Not that my name has ever been brought into the question, and God forbid it ever should, for every man is of some importance to himself, and tries to avoid degradation. I am however acquainted with those, who seem to feel pain from allusions which frequently appear in your pages, favourable to some and not to others; and I would scorn to associate with that man who would, willingly, bring another into contempt, and, more especially, when no good can come of it to any one. We all know that a given time is allotted for us to produce our best works, which can only be accomplished step by step; therefore to say that Mr. A. Mr. B's neighbour, ought to have every thing to do which is nearly good—pray what would B. say? Every man of taste and discernment is well acquainted with the works of Cozens and Lupton, whose names you frequently introduce to the disadvantage of others, in pursuit of the same knowledge. Really, Sir, you must alter the practice, or you will send some of those of lesser importance to the grave. In the one hundred and forty-eighth page of your last number, "On the Genius of Bonington and his Works," you have adverted to his "Fish Market," engraved by

Quilley, whose merits or demerits I know no more of than from your own comments, but which latter I deem to be an act of injustice both to the engraver and the publisher of the work. Without disputing the high praise bestowed upon Bonington's works, it is but fair that he should be subject to a similar treatment by engravers, as his predecessors have experienced; and publishers must look to their own interest, for it is not always the case, that a fine pictures will pay them by having it engraved by the first rate engravers.

Should Mr. Quilley *not* have bestowed his utmost power in making a good print of the 'Fish Market,' then you might with propriety acquaint him, and the world of it, moreover you would be doing the act of a friend, by referring him to the works of esteemed masters in his art, for improvement; but I pray you never to attempt to deprive him of his bread.

In the one hundred and fiftieth page, some inconsistency appears in the remark, that the father of Bonington confined the whole of his efforts in selling the works of his son, without giving one to his native place, the Exchange Room, or Town Hall of Nottingham. This too directly after announcing, that the people of Nottingham made no effort to obtain one of his works by purchase. Be assured there is no *mercenary feeling* in this, as you have stated it to be. A. W.

We shall answer the remarks of our correspondent at some length in a future publication. In the mean time, we will observe that we cannot be answerable for the effects of our criticisms on the minds of artists, of whatever class. If our remarks create despondency, instead of inciting them to glorious emulation, the consequence must be attributed to an overweening fondness, which some few of them may possess, for their own opinions, and to a disregard for those of others. It is not the province of wholesome criticism to regard merely the feelings of too sensitive artists; but to direct the public mind to a due appreciation of merit: and though we should be sorry to drive "artists of lesser importance to the grave," we cannot be deterred from the honest expression of our opinions. We would rather induce them to become "artists of greater importance;" and when arrived at that class, we doubt not they all feel that "praise undeserved is censure in disguise." We never wish to make personal attacks on any one.

With regard to our allusions to the neglect of Bonington by his townspeople—our correspondent's mere denial does not affect the question. He should state facts to show that no mercenary feeling influenced the parties to whom we alluded. Ed.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Last Gifts of Mary Queen of Scots. A. COLIN, pinx.
G. H. PHILLIPS, sculp. 1833.

THERE is no personage recorded in the annals of our history, whose career has afforded a more full and varied scope to the artist for the display of his powers, than Mary Queen of Scots. Youth, beauty, and the joyful scenes of early life associated with ardent, though somewhat illicit love, were grave charges in the mind of Elizabeth towards the unfortunate queen. We are not of those who believe one half of the imputations cast upon Mary Queen of Scots. And can readily find excuse for the other half in the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed. The loss of her first love, her subsequent marriage to a man against whom she felt a disgust, her exposure to the most revolting scenes of bloodshed, her subjection to continual intrigue, and being destitute of protection, are circumstances which strongly plead for her in the page of history, and turn the balance of iniquity against her enemies. Whilst the faithless conduct of Elizabeth, in encouraging rebellion against her, and her dissimulation when under pretence of befriending her, she invited her to an asylum, and then kept her in confinement, cannot be viewed but in an odious light by every impartial reader. The death of the Queen of Scots relieved her from a world of troubles; but the manner of that death, in reference to all the circumstances, can be characterized by no other word than murder; and such as the blood-stained memory of Elizabeth can never survive. The stormy and incessant struggles of Mary Queen of Scots in her own country, and the inhospitable and cruel conduct pursued towards her in England, will long afford themes for the exercise of the pencil. The time chosen by Colin for the subject of his painting is the evening before her execution. Mary is seated, surrounded by her sorrowing friends, and faithful domestics, to each of whom she is in the act of presenting some token for their remembrance of her. The painter has shown considerable knowledge of the various styles and beauties of composition, in the admirable manner by which the story is unfolded: and the execution is equal to the conception. The figure of Mary is neatly drawn. Her face is somewhat round, and swollen with grief, and the eyes have a delirious aspect, which portray the absence of hope, and an effort to support her nature with firmness,

amid the wailings of her attendants. The only part of the drawing to which we cannot give unqualified praise is the representation of the hands. We do not think that the fingers are drawn sufficiently tapering. But this is a slender demerit when the expression of the whole figure is in other respects so appropriate and natural. The other figures in the piece are in good keeping with the principal figure. The group to the right is well expressed. The countenance of the female figure kneeling is a true picture of tearful sorrow: and there is a general earnestness in all the figures, and an individuality of expression in each of them, though all actuated by the same cause, that bespeak considerable power in the delineation of character. The back ground is chaste and simple. Breadth of effect, and squareness of light and shade are the qualities in some degree wanting, and Mr. Colin only requires to be a master of these to become an excellent painter: expression of feeling he already possesses. The mezzotinto engraving, though not the very best in that style, nor equal to others that we have seen by Phillips, is yet carefully executed. The faults are want of clearness in the lights, and of richness and transparency in the shadows. There is too much of mere black and white, and not a sufficiency of half tints.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued.)

246. "Portrait of T. Stothard, esq. R. A." librarian, by J. Wood, afforded us much pleasure: it is a good likeness of the venerable painter, of whose merits every person conversant with the arts is duly sensible. We take this opportunity of referring those persons, who wish a little interesting knowledge of the biography of Stothard, to our publication for April last. 247. "Venice from the Dogana," by C. Stanfield, A. is in that artist's best style: it is rich in "the picturesque," and displays the once proud though now humbled city of the Adriatic in all its splendour. 268. "Deer and Hounds in a mountain torrent," by E. Landseer, is a bold imaginative drawing. The wild gushing of the torrent, and the fretted state of the deer, with the eagerness of the dogs in pursuit, are all perfectly natural. 272. "The Falls of Cauvery, Southern India," by W. Daniel, R. A. make a good Indian landscape. The artist has contrived to cast the

scorching hue of the East over the picture, and the sameness and formality of the cascade give it a placid air quite oriental and in keeping with nature. We wish we could say as much of 279, by the same artist, wherein he has endeavoured to idealize a snake of vast size, darting from a tree, and in the act of seizing a traveller from his horse. We do not believe such a monster of a snake is to be found in any part of the world. The size of the serpent is altogether unnatural and entirely out of drawing. 284. "Loch Trewellam Castle, Scotland," by F. R. Lee, is a delightful performance. The subject is a happy one, and the artist has well estimated his powers in the execution. We recommend him to pursue this style, and he will find few to compete with him. 289. "Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano."—*Tempest*, Act ii. sc. 2. by J. Cruise. Assuredly our immortal bard would have felt great satisfaction, could he be conscious of the honours which his countrymen now pay to his memory. The pencil and the pen are ever ready to embody his sentiments in a manner suitable to the understanding of present times. If all the commentaries that have been written, and all the paintings that have been designed from his works, were placed in one receptacle, they would of themselves form a handsome collection. We like to encourage attempts to embody the scenes of great dramatists. Cruise has done well in this representation. 303. "Milton asleep in a garden in Italy," observed by a lady, who writes some lines on his appearance, which she leaves in his hand. This painting is by W. Brockedon. The artist has displayed considerable taste, as well in the execution as in the selection of his subject. 315. "Bishop-thorpe, the palace of the Archbishop of York," by G. Armald, A. is an excellent moonlight scene. 318. "Hunters, the property of W. Wigram, esq." by E. Landseer, are the very best representations of horses we ever witnessed; and whilst gazing on them attentively, it is difficult to banish the illusion that they are life itself. 319. "A pleasing scene of landscape and cattle," by T. S. Cooper. 321. "Part of the Experimental Squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington, off the Downs, in 1831," by Lieut. R. B. Beechey, R. A. is a good marine view. 336. "Taking the Veil," T. Uwins. The artist has affectingly represented the parting scene of a fair damsel from her friends and connections, to be immured in one of the living tombs of female existence called nunneries. 337. "Landscape View of the Isle of Wight," by R. Westall, R. A. is a charming work, full of taste and beauty, and highly descriptive of the rare gifts with which nature has blest that little island. 351. "Sir Walter

Scott," E. Landseer. In this painting the great enchanter is sitting at the bottom of Rhymer's Glen, so called from its having been the scene of the meetings between Thomas, of Erceldoune, the Rhymer, and the Fairy Queen. The staghound, Maina, the gift of the late Glengarry; the yellow terrier, Ginger, and the black one, Spice, were of Dandie Dinmont's family of Pepper and Mustard. The faithful animals are seated around their master in happy fidelity. We heard some young ladies say, when looking at this picture, that Sir Walter looked "abominably vulgar and stupid;" but we could not discern the truth of the remark; and we hesitate not to say, that the countenance is inspiration itself, and conveys to the mind an impression of the romanticism of that great legendary author. The contemplative eye, and the quivering lip, bespeak a soul brooding within itself, as if it were forming the ground-work of some future production of genius: whilst the quiet lowland garb, and natural simplicity of the figure indicate a mind despising show. Sir Walter is himself alone in this picture, he wants no eyes upon him; he looks as though he felt unconscious of the observation of others. Is such a delineation any thing but a happy effort of the artist? We think there is a great deal of poetry in the execution. 359. "Morning," an Italian landscape, by A. W. Callcott, R. A. is full of freshness and vigour; such scenes afford pleasing contemplation, mixed with a cast of melancholy at the change which time has made in the destinies of that country. 367. "Landscape entrance of a wood near Hastings." This is another happy landscape by Westall. 369. "Bribery and Corruption," by C. Landseer, is natural, though somewhat vulgar. It was not the best of subjects for this artist; and we are sorry we cannot bestow on the execution unqualified praise. 388. "Snapp-apple night, or All-Hallow Eve, in Ireland," D. M'Clise, is one of the most vigorous paintings in the exhibition. The artist has attempted more than he ought to have done, in grouping so many characters, and representing so many countenances of various descriptions. He has, however, succeeded to an astonishing degree in that respect. But the great excellence of the painting is the happy delineation of character, in a piece of such a description, without becoming vulgar. The wild mirth of the peasantry, their superstition, their love of carousing, and the ecstasy in which some of them appear, are all true to nature, and the comic humour which pervades the painting can in no respect offend the most fastidious taste.

Anti-Room.

384. "A Frigate entering Portsmouth Harbour," C. H. Seaforth, is a pleasing drawing. 403. "A Hail Storm in Petworth Park, October, 1832," R. Westhall, R.A. The painter has given additional interest to the scene, by showing its effects in the deer and other animals in sight. 407. "Portrait of the Hon. Mr. Justice Patteson," Mr. W. Carpenter, is a good likeness. 408. "Rembrandt in his painting room, A. Fraser." The colouring and drawing of this picture are both good. The artist has chosen an interesting moment for his subject, when that distinguished painter is engaged on a living model. 443. "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," W. E. West. The figure of Judith is drawn with boldness. 454. "A Village School," T. Webster. The jocund tricks of the boys are in fine contrast with the abstraction of the schoolmaster, who is engaged reading a newspaper. 455. "A view near Naples," W. Havell, is exceedingly beautiful. With a little encouragement we think that this artist would display considerable powers. 462. "Mouth of the Seine, Quillebœuf," J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The interspersion of light and shadow, and the fine colouring, are all well managed. 474. "The Death of Locke," E. Chatfield. In this painting the artist has described a scene of a most melancholy description with great pathos. The great philosopher with calm resignation is awaiting his doom, surrounded by his friends, who appear to be deeply affected with the awful change about to take place. The part selected for the representation is that passage in the life of Locke, wherein he is stated to have requested Lady Masham to read one of the psalms aloud to him. She has done so; during which the dying man had evinced great attention, until he found that his dissolution approached. He died in the seventy-third year of his age.

(*To be continued.*)

The Works of Henry Liverseege. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE present part contains *The Visionary*, engraved by Cousins, Sir Pierce, Shafton, and Mysie Happer, by Bromley, and the *Grandfather*, by Quilley. The two first of these engravings are decidedly the best which have yet appeared. *The Visionary* is a simple and very poetical composition. A writer in a popular work cannot perceive the obvious

meaning of calling the painting the Visionary, and asks, "Why is she called the "Visionary?" The mind on looking at the work is immediately informed of its meaning. A young and enthusiastic girl sits with a book open in her lap, absorbed in deep rumination, she appears lost to all external nature, and indulging in a train of fanciful or romantic reflections; or more vulgarly called "building castles in the air!" And can any thing be more natural in a young mind? The beauty of this engraving is with us somewhat a source of regret, that Cousins has not executed more from Liversseege's works. However there is yet time and opportunity to retrieve on the part of the publishers. The Sir Piercie Shafton, in spite of the too great length of the legs, fully embodies the character of that valourous knight. His rich and studied dress, the easy *nonchalance* of his action and attitude, show how carefully Liversseege studied the original. The enamoured but discreet Mysie is no less happily portrayed. There is a richness in some parts of the engraving, which makes us regret that Mr. Bromley has not been equally careful in the face of Mysie; it is somewhat too dark. The Grandfather should never have been engraved. It is an early and somewhat inferior production of the painter's, and its defects are not diminished by the style of the engraving.

Shylock and Jessica. Painted by G. S. Newton, R. A. Engraved by G. T. Doo.

It is a rare thing with artists when portraying any scene from a drama to divest it of its theatric effect. Either in the frippery of the costume, extravagance of attitude, or forced expression of the passions; the painting is sure to carry the influence of the stage. Not so, however, has it been with Newton in the subject under review. With admirable taste and discrimination he has embodied the spirit of the great dramatist; the influence of the modern theatre is no where perceptible. Shylock looks

"The Jew
Which Shakspeare drew."

The quick look of an ever suspicious temper, the lightning like flash of eye in Shylock is admirably depicted, as in a doubtful mood he hands the keys to his daughter. Jessica stands almost unconscious of her father's presence, his proverb of "Fast bind, fast find," enter not her

ears; her thoughts are far away, her heart is already with Lorenzo. Altogether this is a perfect piece of dramatic painting. As an engraving, we consider it as the finest of Mr. Davise's. The touch and texture of the painting are well preserved.

Good Morning—Painted by A. Cooper, R.A. Engraved by Thomas Lupton.

GOOD MORNING represents a mounted sportsman in the act of salutation, as a painting it is one of Cooper's simple compositions of English sportsmen. The individual, the pony, and surrounding scenery are all true to nature. The engraving appears somewhat dry; it has not the usual richness of tone of Lupton's mezzotints, still however it is a very beautiful engraving.

Fables, original and selected, by the late James Northcote, R.A.
Second Series—illustrated by two hundred and eighty engravings on wood—London. MURRAY.

THIS little work commences with an account of the life of the Author, whose advancement in the world was principally effected through industry and perseverance. The early propensity which he displayed for painting, "prevailed over the drudgery of his mechanical employment, and he devoted himself entirely to his favourite study." Having obtained an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he acquired the patronage of that great artist. The career of a man who achieves his own elevation, cannot but be interesting to the world; for which reason we regret that the biographical memoir is so short. Northcote was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy fifty-eight years, and his name is associated with both literary and artistical circumstances which might well have afforded a few more pages to a sketch of his life. In his early process in London, Mr. Northcote appears to have displayed considerable frugality, and looked to the making of money as an affair of considerable importance: for in a letter to his brother in 1787, he says, "Thank God, I am going on very well: I have now got out at interest 500*l.* and shall in a short time be able to make it 600*l.* I receive for it five per cent." We are sorry to have perceived that this disposition of Northcote has been condemned by some persons, as

reflecting no credit on him. He has been spoken of by some critics, in their reviews to the present work, as a man of no extraordinary talent, and as being only remarkable for the patronage he obtained, and having amassed 100,000*l*. We believe that it is a rare circumstance for men of genius to make much money, but as we do not see any connection between genius and poverty, we cannot help thinking that the false notion that there is such a connection, has oftentimes created an indifference to riches, and a neglect to profit by growing opportunities that have ended in extreme penury and wretchedness. It cannot be denied that the great patronage Mr. Northcote obtained first promoted his success; but that can be no disparagement to his fame, since it cannot be supposed that a man could continue to obtain the notice of distinguished persons, unless he possessed the attributes of character deserving constant encouragement. The gloss of novelty soon wears off, and it is quite as difficult to preserve as it is to obtain an honourable reputation.

We recommend these fables to our readers, as containing many good practical lessons, which are rendered the more interesting, as the maxims therein contained were the main cause of the success of Mr. Northcote in his artistical career: and they are applicable to persons in every grade of society as having a tendency to regulate their habits and form their minds.

Family Classical Library. No. 41. Vol. 2. Valpy.

THIS volume contains the remainder of the metamorphoses and the Epistles of Ovid. It commences at the tenth book, with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. There is no translation more deserving of patronage than Valpy's Classical Library. To those who have not had the advantage of an early classical education, and to whom the time cannot afterwards be spared to read classical authors in the original language, each of these volumes will be an invaluable manual, as furnishing him with the ideas of the ancients, and cultivating in his mind a superior taste. He will perceive in them figurative allusions of our poets, and view with astonishment the source of many of the opinions and expressions of modern authors which he had thought original, and many others which will admit of expression at any future time in an infinity of ways. The exhaustless store of classical literature will thus be unfolded to view without the incessant labour and wearisome application required to master the originals.

New Readings of Old Authors. E. Wilson.

No. I. of this ingenious publication, which is to be continued monthly, has made its appearance. It professes by ten humorous engravings by Seymour, to illustrate the celebrated passages from *Romeo and Juliet*. Though we are not friendly to the burlesque and caricature, we must admit, as all people do, that there is sometimes a great deal of point in them. In giving our opinions of this work we must, however, be understood as speaking artistically: we cannot enter into the feelings of all people, and doubtless there are many who like to laugh at the ridiculous. In this view, and entirely banishing sentiment from our minds, we must allow that the engravings are well executed, and that the design is sufficiently ingenious. Imagine a tall crooked figure of a man, with a mouth extending to each ear, and teeth like those of an alligator, addressed by an old woman in the words of the immortal poet, "Thou wert the prettiest babe that I e'er nursed," and say whether you can restrain a smile? We have no doubt that the young folks will be delighted with the fund of amusement afforded by these engravings.

Biographical Sketch of Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte. Ridgway.

THE life of so amiable a man as Joseph Bonaparte must be interesting to all persons, who have bestowed any reflection upon the state of modern Europe: for what views soever may be entertained as to the policy of his brother Napoleon, there is no person who can doubt either of the integrity or capacity of Joseph to preside over the destinies of a nation. His glorious reign over Naples, though short, was eminently serviceable to that kingdom; and we doubt not that had he obtained a firm footing in Spain, he would soon have regenerated that unhappy country. When we see a nation blest with resources capable of sustaining a high rank, but drooping under the influence of a bad government, we cannot feel otherwise than a great degree of regret that a better state of things does not prevail. Spain is more lamentably oppressed, and yet more ignorant of the true cause of her oppression, than any country. Joseph Bonaparte was the man, in preference to all others, best qualified to rouse the character of the Spanish people, and to give them a true political existence in Europe, equal to the extent of their territory, and the importance of their situation.

Let us see what General Lamarque says of him in p. 37 of the work under review. In a letter addressed by him to Joseph Bonaparte, he says :

“ Count—In several articles which have appeared in the newspapers, I have already refuted some atrocious or ridiculous calumnies which were published against you ; and I have always appeared before the world as your admirer. Be assured that your reputation is honourable and glorious. The truth has already dissipated a great many clouds, and before long it will shine in all its splendour ; pamphlets have only an ephemeral existence, and are nothing more than reptiles which crawl about the pedestal of a statue.

“ You will do well to devote some time to your *Memoirs* ; but before printing them, they should be sent to Paris, and confided to some one possessed of a pure and solid taste, who would communicate them to other persons in different situations, and having different opinions, because you do not write for a party or a coterie ; and in the exalted sphere to which you were elevated, you must soar above all interests, recollections, and hopes. It appears to me, that the most interesting part is that of your reign in Naples. You there realized that which Plato wished so much for the good of humanity—a philosopher on a throne. I remember well in your travels, how strongly you inculcated to the nobles the love of the people ; to the people, respect for the laws, toleration to the priests, and order and moderation to the army. Not being able to establish political liberty, you endeavoured to make your people enjoy all the benefit of the municipal administration, which you considered to be the foundation of all institutions.

“ Under your administration, too short for a nation by which you were so much regretted,

Feudality was destroyed,
 Depredation and robberies ceased,
 The system of taxation was changed,
 Order was established in the finance,
 An administration created,
 The nobles and the people reconciled,
 Roads constructed in every direction,
 The capital embellished,
 The army and navy re-organized,
 The kingdom evacuated by the English,
 Gueta, Scylla, Reggio, Marathea, and Amanthea taken.

“ Your *Memoirs* will be a lesson to kings ! ”

Our limits will not admit of making further extracts. To all who wish properly to understand, in order that they may properly appreciate, the character of Joseph Bonaparte—who wish facts and documents to be the ground-work of their opinions, and desire full information of the events both in Naples and Spain, which called forth the energies of this great man—to all such persons we recommend this work, as a valuable and highly interesting compendium.

Advice for the use of Lavements, &c. &c. By JAMES SCOTT, M. D.
Sherwood and Co.

WE recommend this work to the perusal of our readers. Having often thought that much false delicacy has prevailed in preferring the application of aperient medicine, to a practical and efficacious remedy, we cannot but concur with the opinions of Dr. Scott on that subject. He has, in this publication, exposed, in a very masterly manner, the evils resulting from the prevalence of constipation, and the aggravation of such disorders by the too frequent use of aperient medicines.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE managers of this institution have this year departed from their annual exhibition of the old masters, by substituting one consisting of a selection from the works of the three Presidents of the Royal Academy; Reynolds, West, and Lawrence. The change we think is a happy one from a variety of reasons. It will be the means of familiarising the country with the works of its first masters; and at the same time prevent the accumulation of *fac-similes*, which were usually made from the Dutch and Flemish painters, solely with a view to support the cupidity of dealers. There is also another effect no less important to be derived. A closer opportunity of comparing the works of Reynolds and Lawrence.

Forty-one years have passed since the death of Reynolds; many of his works now exhibiting are more than half a century old: and time has proved how worthy he is of the admiration of his country, how immeasurably superior he ranks as an artist above all, since the time when Vandyke adorned the polished court of Charles I. Nothing can be accounted great in itself, until it has withstood a comparison

with the greatness of others. The works of Reynolds wrested even from Fuseli the most unbounded admiration—works which that severe but just critic could at all times eulogize with enthusiasm, and compare with satisfaction to the first rate productions of the great masters of the continent. In our task of criticising Reynolds, West, and Lawrence—now that the fame of all three belong to posterity—now when no particular interests of parties are to be upheld—and when the clashing of opposite opinions is softened by the progress of time; in our judgments we can of course only be actuated by a spirit of impartiality, and by an ardent desire to support the honour of the Fine Arts. Before deciding which of the three is the greatest painter, each must bear the most rigid comparison with a fixed standard of excellence. For in painting there are certain fixed and unvarying principles, a departure from which can only be attended by a commensurate loss of excellence. If a particular artist has not been sufficiently clear to perceive or practise these principles, though at the same time conscious of their existence—his claims to greatness are of course considerably diminished.

In the arrangement of the pictures great judgment has been shown; for each artist has one of the rooms exclusively devoted to his works, by which means the spectator is enabled more calmly to compare one with another; which could not be the case were they indiscriminately placed as in ordinary exhibitions. Amidst the brilliant assemblage of Reynolds's works here collected, the *Death of Dido*, and *Imprisonment of Count Ugolino*, shine forth as unquestionable evidences of the extent and elevation of his genius. The exclusive and laborious application of portrait painting, could not wholly enervate a mind ever powerfully experiencing the influence of M. Angelo. The style of composition in the *death of Dido* is of the highest order; whether of drawing or expression. It is a picture, at a sight of which the spectator is not excited to a mere frigid analysis of its merits, but roused to contemplate the passion and pathos of the event. The funeral pile, and bloodstained dagger proclaim a tale of self-immolation, and warrant the phrenzied attitude and expression of the attendant figure of Anna. The effect of hastening dissolution, and of bodily anguish and insanity, are portrayed with amazing power and truth. About ten years ago this fine picture was exhibited at this gallery along with many others of Reynolds's. Lawrence came in one day during the time when artists were hard at work copying; the late Mr. Hobday was copying the *Snake in the grass*, which was hung immediately beneath the *Dido*. Lawrence had mounted a ladder, the more minutely to examine the

wondrous production, and as he looked and examined he was more and more amazed, and at last was heard to exclaim. "My God! I could kneel to it!" The Count Ugolino takes if possible a yet higher stand in art. The harrowing despair, the look which marks the mind bereft of hope, the convulsive energy, and tightness of grasp of the clenched hands, substantiate, in a visible form, the extraordinary tale of Dante. The wild beseeching looks of the younger children, contrast with the fixed despair of the father, and calm resignation of the elder son, whose attitude bespeaks a consciousness of his dreadful fate—a miserable consciousness denied to the others. Here are no heterogeneous bye plays of the art,—no unmeaning and superfluous detail of mechanical execution; but the utmost power of overwhelming expression. Without the exaggeration of Fuseli, this picture possesses all his deep and classic feeling, all his sublime and clear perception of high art, depicted through the medium of Titianesque colouring, and Rembrandtish chiaroscuro. Fuseli painted a similar subject, and chose the same moment of time, and although acknowledging that whatever came from the mind of that eminent man, must bear the impress of greatness, yet we beg to differ from his recent biographer, Knowles, when he says that, "This picture is as superior in drawing, in truth to nature, placed under such circumstances, and to the story, as Sir Joshua's soars above it in colour, in manual dexterity, and in chiaroscuro."

Never was there yet known a work of art faultless in its general character. Even to M. Angelo—even to Raphael, perfection cannot be awarded. In the wide range of art, no painter worthy of mentioning, ever escaped the searching scrutiny of Fuseli, the terrible ebullitions of his classic and severe taste. Such a picture as Reynolds's Ugolino could not, of course, be passed unnoticed by him. And however tintured is his criticism by an over fastidiousness of taste, sufficient is shown to prove his high sense of the genius of Reynolds.* The following is no mean estimate of Reynolds's Dido. Fuseli says, "This is one of the few historic compositions any where, and perhaps a solitary one in this collection, of which the principal figure is the best, and occupies the most conspicuous place. Riveted to supreme beauty in the jaws of death, we pay little attention to the subordinate parts, and scorn, when recovered from sympathy and anguish, to expatiate in cold criticisms on their unfitness or impotence." He further adds:—"The writer of these observations has seen the progress of this work, if not daily, weekly,—and knows the

* Vide Knowles's *Life of Fuseli*, vol. i. p. 386, &c.

throes which it cost its author before it emerged into the beauty, assumed the shape, or was divided into the powerful masses of chiaroscuro which strike us now; of colour it never had, nor wants, more than what it possesses now,—a negative share.

“Non rem Colori
Sed colorem Rei submittere ausus.”

“The painter has proved the success of a great principle, less understood than pertinaciously opposed.”*

Portrait painting, when practised by genius, competes with history in intellectual worth and character. Thus from Reynolds it comes invested with the dignity and importance of history, imbued with poetry and classic purity. He divested it of its varied incongruities of style, shook off the mere frigid portraiture of flesh, and animated each head with powerful character. To the common observer, the ponderous physiognomy of Samuel Johnson presents rather a physical, than an acute, or intellectual understanding. He would in vain search for the acute moral essayist, or the most comprehensive and profound lexicographer. But Reynolds, with the clear discernment and quick perception of genius, has depicted the powerful qualities of his capacious mind, and left to posterity a portrait, the character and style of which, in the words of Fuseli, “Takes its exalted place between history and the drama.” This portrait of Johnson is one of the most extraordinary delineations of intellect amidst the whole of the present exhibition.

Of Reynolds's early friend, Lord Keppel, there are here two portraits, one when he was a young man, the other when he was advanced in life. Both are admirable paintings; firm in drawing, rich and powerful in colour. The glowing richness of his colour, the transparent purity of his flesh, are in these two pictures still fresh and lasting. As the *Death of Dido*, and *Count Ugolino* must be considered as of the highest order of composition, invention, and expression, so is the *Cymon and Iphigenia* a standard of the most powerful and beautiful colouring. The harmony and expansive chiaroscuro of Correggio, the imperceptible union of light with darkness, was in this picture the ambition of Reynolds to substantiate. The *Jupiter and Io* of the Italian master is reflected in the *Iphigenia*, not as a palpable imitation, but as combining his grace, feeling, and breadth of chiaroscuro. Such a picture as this is worth to posterity hundreds of others, which Reynolds sacrificed to attain so profound a knowledge of splendid and harmonious colouring. But even with respect to his

* Vide Knowles's *Life of Fuseli*, vol. i. p. 386, &c.

failures, Gainsborough said, "They were superior to many of the most finished and elaborate productions of others." Let all who doubt the durability, freshness, and splendour of Reynolds's colouring, calmly study the *Cymon and Iphigenia*. Observe the glowing warmth of a rich summer evening, irradiating the form of a lovely sleeping nymph; a creature of poetry and imagination, of a most graceful and elegant contour and proportions. Remark the picturesque landscape, suffused in the violet rays of sunset, with its beams here and there struggling through the thick foliage. And observe the grand combination, the unison and harmony of the whole.

From this picture of splendid combination and warmth of colouring, as a contrast we turn to one close to it, *Mary, Countess of Thanet*. Here the shades of evening have vanished, and given way to the fresh pearly tints of morning. An eye revelling in the glowing splendour of Venetian colouring, yet corrected by the simplicity and classicality of the Roman school, are the elements of Reynolds's style. While for expression, character, and originality in Nature he sought, discovered, and substantiated them. In this portrait of the Countess of Thanet, elegance, and grace of attitude, modesty, and matronly dignity of expression, are its distinguishing traits. We do not wish to be invidious, but for the interests of art—in the hope of reclaiming many who look up to Lawrence, and proclaim him superior to Reynolds,—we would particularly point out this picture as a companion to Lawrence's *Hon. Mrs. Ashley*. In vain do we in this work search for elegance or grace, dignity or expression. Neither can we discover purity or correctness of drawing. And for richness and harmony of colouring, it possesses still less.

Beneath the Countess of Thanet is a portrait of *Lady Amelia Hume*, a head of surpassing beauty and native loveliness, splendid colouring, and extraordinary execution. Instead of the simpering curl of affectation, the lips, that powerful organ of the mind, at once portray the index of her intellectual powers; a keen and shrewd observer, one before whom assuming arrogance would stand abashed. And those eyes of thrilling penetration seem even to read the very thoughts of the spectator.

Such an exhibition as the present must be considered as an extraordinary epoch in the progress of the Fine Arts in England. Therefore fully considering the importance of the subject, we have thought it expedient to enlarge upon it with greater minuteness and detail. As uninformed minds are ever tenacious of their opinions, our analysis of the three presidents may be the fortunate means of rousing many

from their supposed infallibility of judgment. In doing so, we wish not to perform it by dogmatical assertions of our own ; but, as stated in the commencement of this paper, there are certain and fixed standards of excellence, one pure and unvarying principle, by which all works of art must be judged. And he who aspires to be held a great and illustrious genius in art, cannot be adjudged so until he shall have passed through this severe but impartial test.

Besides the public, there are many artists, young and old, whose condemnation of Reynolds and West, and eulogy of Lawrence, would seem to warrant them as the sovereign arbiters of taste. They condemn the two first presidents because they do not like them—they praise Lawrence because they prefer his style.

They little consider, that their condemnation of the one proceeds from ignorance, from a want of perception of the nobler qualities of mind ; and that praise of the other is excited from its being in a lower style, and consequently approximating more to their own standard of intellect. To condemn when we cannot understand, and praise that only which coincides with our personal feelings, are proofs of a narrowness of mind, and dulness of comprehension.

We shall therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity which the present exhibition affords, of treating at length on the general merits, character, and genius of the three presidents. In our next, therefore, we shall resume the subject.

THE OLYMPIC PERFORMERS.

AN attack on Mr. Sheridan Knowles and the other performers at the Olympic has been made by a writer in one of the weekly publications, in an article styled the "DRAMA," "*Covent Garden.*" We suspect that the writer, from motives best known to himself, has closed one eye and one ear belonging to his corporeal—we cannot say his mental—existence ; for he certainly takes a jaundiced view of his subject, and is somewhat dull of apprehension. He is something like a certain British admiral who used to cashier his officers without hearing their defence, and saying to them, "It has come on to blow hard—I can't hear you now, you must be broke." There is something very contemptible in a public writer who will descend to the office of a mere partizan. It is contrary to a fair spirit of criticism, and betrays a want of taste, if not a want of principle. The idea of exonerating M. Laporte from blame, (in closing his engagement with his English performers before the usual period) on the ground that the British Drama is not encouraged, would have been too absurd and ridiculous for our allusion ;

but when this would-be critic presumes to attack the reputation of the greatest living dramatist—by intimating that he is “an impostor of an actor,” and that, “whilst he is permitted to play leading parts the drama will be at a low ebb”—we must say that gratitude is due to genius from the lowest as well as the highest grade of critics, and that Mr. Knowles’s rank as an author, should have spared him from insult at least, even if he *were* an indifferent actor. But we make no admission to justify the want of decency displayed by the critic in question. Mr. Knowles has pleased the public as an *actor* also; and we have often witnessed loud plaudits bestowed on him in that capacity. If the audience were glad to see him in a part, which he had written himself, and for *that* reason manifested their gratification, they had more taste and better feeling than our puerile critic. There can be no reason for supposing that the man who has written good pieces to support the drama, can have been instrumental to its downfall by indifferent acting.

Our sentiments, in reference to the conduct pursued towards the late Covent Garden Company by M. Laporte, were so fully expressed in our last number, that we shall forbear saying any more on that subject, except that the public have, by this time, pretty evidently manifested a sympathy towards the performers. But the taste of the weekly critic in reiterating his abuse of Mr. Knowles, by designating him as an *Irish muse*, every person of good sense in this enlightened and liberal age will readily allow—particularly after the same dignified authority had in a former number described the Olympic as the black hole. What has country to do with genius?—What signifies the place for its display too? if the actors cannot have a better house, it is their misfortune, not their fault.

VAUXHALL.

WE had the pleasure of visiting this place of elegant recreation on the evening of the 26th instant. The gardens were better lighted than usual, and the fire-works superior to what we had seen there for some years. Among the great attractions of the evening was the Duke Darmstadt’s band, which played, in most exquisite style, several popular overtures and other pieces; and among the rest, the overture to Das Unterbrochent Operfest (Winter), overture to Der Vampyr (Lindpaintner), overture to Egmont (Beethoven), the Waterloo waltz, the overture to Zampa (Herold). We hope that the season will become much more favourable as it advances, as well for the sake of the spirited proprietors as the public; in which case we think that these gardens will again become—what they once were—and still deserve to be—a place of fashionable resort. The German band alone would induce people to throng thither, were they aware of its excellence.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

June.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—Three papers were read. The first was a communication by Mr. Henderson, the astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, relating to the comet of June last. The paper consists chiefly of tables of observations. The appearance of the comet was that of an ill-defined nebulous mass. The second paper was on the supposed powers of suction of the common leech, by T. A. Knight, esq. There is nothing in this paper. The leech most known to medical men is the *hirudo medicinalis*, or common leech, an inhabitant of clear running waters. Of another sort is the *hirudo sanguisuga*, or horse-leech. An occurrence is related by the author, of a leech having adhered to the leg of a boy who ventured into a stagnant pool, which leads one to suppose that is the species alluded to and called (erroneously) the common leech. He observes, that the leech is extremely feeble and helpless, and that it is strange such powers of suction should be possessed by a creature without bones or muscles. In one part of the paper he seems to attribute this power to a peculiar kind of venom. The third paper was on experimental researches in electricity, fourth series, by Mr. Faraday.

June.—Mr. F. Baily in the chair. The communication read was on the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them, by Mr. Walker. In this paper it was incidentally stated that the great calculating powers of the boy George Bidder, the recollection of which must still be fresh in the minds of our readers, have not been impaired, as was feared, but aided by a course of mathematical instruction, which he has been receiving since their developement. He is now styled Mr. Bidder; and a paper from his pen, on the division of numbers, is promised to the Royal Society. A communication relative to certain chemical researches, by Dr. Graham, of Edinburgh, was partly read.

June.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Observations on the structure of shells and molluscous animals, by Mr. Grey, were read. After some minute details, the author controverts the hitherto generally received opinion, that mollusca have not the power of absorbing their calcareous deposits. A portion of a paper by Dr. Marshall Hall, relating to the *medulla oblongata* and the *medulla spinalis*, was partly read. Sir James Graham, first lord of the Admiralty, was introduced, and took his seat for the first time as a fellow; and Dr. Morton gave notice, that at the next meeting he should move an immediate ballot for Sir Thomas Denman, the Lord Chief Justice, and his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

June.—Dr. Maton in the chair. The fifth series of Mr. Faraday's experimental researches in electricity was read. It relates especially to electro-chemical decomposition. The author takes a very extensive view of the subject, and negatives the hypothesis that the attraction of the poles is the cause of such decomposition. The titles of a number of other papers were read. Amongst the presents was a specimen of meteoric iron, recently found four feet below the mould, near Magdeburgh: about thirty-nine pounds were found. The external surface of the iron is oxidised; it possesses no ductility, but its tenacity is considerable; its parts are copper, arsenic, nickel, manganese, &c. The Duke of Buccleugh and Sir Thomas Denman, Chief Justice of England, were balloted for, and elected fellows of the Society. The meetings were adjourned till November.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 23.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair. Mr. Wyndham exhibited a finely illuminated Psalter of the 15th century, which appears to have been given to a priory at Norwich in 1450. Mr. Willement exhibited an ancient deed, containing a grant of land from Hamo Bovier to the prior and convent of Christchurch, Canterbury, in the year 1234, and the seal of Richard Fitz-Dering de Hayton. Mr. Beltz, Lancaster herald, presented a facsimile copy of an inscription on a leaden plate, of the 11th century, found in the year 1786 in a tomb, on

the destruction of the church of a convent at Bruges. The inscription relates to Gunilda, the daughter of Earl Godwin, and sister of King Harold, whose reign commenced in 1066. She appears to have been highly venerated, and a service was annually performed at her tomb. Mr. Beltz observed that this lady had been confounded by some writers with another of the same or a similar name, who was daughter of Canute the Great, and sister of Harold *Harefoot*, who came to the throne of England in 1035. She married Henry, son of Conrad, emperor of Germany, and, after having had a son, was accused of adultery, and having produced a champion to vouch her innocence, succeeded in a trial by combat; after which she divorced herself from her husband, and retired to a convent. The inscription found at Bruges cannot relate to the daughter of Canute, as it particularly notices her virginity.

June 7.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Sir Henry Ellis, secretary, communicated a description of several seals connected with English history, lately discovered at Paris by Mr. Doubleday, and impressions of which were exhibited; some of them were attached to grants from English kings to the Abbey of Saint Dennis: they were of Offa; Edgar; Edward the Confessor; Geoffrey Plantagenet; Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Second; two of Edward the Black Prince; Henry, Duke of Lancaster; Queen Isabel, second wife of Richard the Second; Richard the First; Edward, son of Henry the Third, afterwards Edward the First; Isabella, Queen of John; Edward, son of Edward the First; Prince John; Henry, Duke of Normandy; and Henry the Second. Mr. Robinson exhibited drawings of some beautiful architectural details among the remains of St. Mary's Abbey at York. Mr. Gage communicated extracts from the household-book of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, (beheaded in 1521,) while residing at Thornbury Castle in Gloucestershire. Mr. Hamilton read to the Society a letter received from Sir William Gell, containing an extract from one from Mr. Strangways, describing the discovery of several documents relative to English history at Viterba, in Italy, particularly a papal bull, directing the trial of the son of Simon de Montfort for the murder of Prince Henry, son of the Duke of Cornwall, whom he killed in a church, in revenge for the death of his father. The kings of France and Navarre were present, and did not interfere, although it is said he dragged his victim round the church by his hair.

June 13.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair. Mr. Sydney Smirke, in confirmation of an observation of Mr. Gage in a late paper, that a cross was set up or sculptured on the walls of Saxon churches to commemorate their consecration, exhibited drawings of an ancient crypt in the church of St John, in Syracuse, having a cross carved on the wall. Mr. T. Lister Parker exhibited drawings of an elegant carved screen at Gilden Morden Church, in Cambridgeshire, accompanied by a description. Sir Henry Ellis communicated a paper illustrative of several ancient seals, connected with English history, lately discovered in France by Mr. Doubleday, in addition to those noticed at a former meeting. A further portion was read of Mr. Gage's extracts from the household-book of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, shewing a fine specimen of old English hospitality and prices in the time of Henry the Eighth,—as it is stated that 319 "strangers" (visitors) came to dinner in one day: and the provision of wine, bread, and meat, was most extensive; 26 rounds of beef are charged at 21 shillings, 48 flagons of wine four shillings, 200 oysters fourpence.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting. June.—Mr. Lambert in the chair.—From the annual reports read, it appeared that there was a balance in favour of the Society, on the year's proceedings, to the amount of 317l. Thirteen fellows, four foreign members, and one associate, had died since last anniversary. The foreign members were, Professor Latreille, the celebrated entomologist, at Paris; Professor Rudolphi, of Berlin, distinguished for his researches in the class of animals denominated *Entozoa*; the famous Scarpa, and Professor Sprengel, of Halle, in Saxony. On the other hand, there had been elected into the Society, during

the same period, twenty-eight fellows, seven foreign members, and four associates. Lord Stanley was re-elected president, Edward Foster, Esq. treasurer, Dr. Booth, secretary, and Richard Taylor, Esq. under-secretary. At the last usual meeting a paper, on the organs of mosses, by William Valentine, Esq. was partly read. Professor Agardth of Lund, Count Sternberg, Drs. Brongniart, Blumé, Klug, Treviranus, and M. Fred. Cuvier, were elected foreign members.

June 11.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The Duke of Buccleuch was proposed as a fellow of the Society, and G. Gell, Esq. and others were elected and admitted.

The characters and description of *Limnæthes*, by Mr. Brown, and the concluding portion of Mr. Valentine's paper 'On the Mosses,' were read by the Secretary.

The Rev. Thomas Rackett presented a portrait of the Rev. Sir George Wheler, the oriental traveller, and various other presents of birds and books were on the table.

The meetings were adjourned till November.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

This was the last assembly but one for the session: it was remarkably well attended. Amongst the distinguished persons present were H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the primate of Ireland, several bishops, Lord Lyndhurst, Chief-Justice Tindall, the Vice-chancellor, the puisne judges, &c. A paper by Sir H. Halford, on the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by ancient physicians, was read. The communication was fraught with classical allusions, and the learned president touched in order on the deaths of Sylla, in consequence of the rupture of internal abscess; of Crassus the lawyer, and friend of Cicero, from pleurisy; of Pomponius Atticus, also Cicero's friend, from fistula in the loins; of Socrates, by narcotic poison—probably hemlock; of Hannibal, who destroyed himself by poison; of Britannicus, whom Nero destroyed, no doubt by causing him to drink of laurel-water. While on these points, and others in connexion with them, Sir Henry displayed an intimate acquaintance with the state of medicine and the mode of treatment amongst the ancients; and shewed in some cases, as in the case of Sylla, that modern improvement had been anticipated by the physicians of antiquity.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The distribution of the Society's prizes, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, took place on Monday last, May 27.—The royal duke delivered the prizes to the (many youthful and fair) competitors in his usual kind and graceful manner. There were twenty-two prizes awarded in the classes of mechanics, chemistry, and agriculture; sixteen in the class of polite arts, to amateurs for copies, three for originals; six to students in architecture, for architectural drawings; three to engravers; six to artists for copies, and twelve for originals. In addition to which the thanks of the Society were voted to nine individuals, for improvements in branches of the arts and sciences. Some poor deluded man interrupted the gratifying proceedings of the day, by putting forward his claim to a prize, for which there was no foundation. He is unknown to us, and, we believe, to every body else moving in the scientific world. From the awards we select the following as the most important:—

To Mr. George Whitelaw, Eglinton Street, Glasgow, for his proposed method of raising water, and his method of supplying water to high-pressure steam-boilers, the large silver medal.

To Mr. James Hopkins, 10, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, for his scales for obtaining geometrical foreshortened lines in architectural drawings, the silver Isis medal.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. J. Bedford, of Leeds, for his method of preventing the calcareous deposit from hard water from adhering to the inside of steam-boilers.

June 11.—Mr. Gardner, on some of the more interesting parts of Geography, especially the construction of maps. Having shown the impossibility of representing a spherical surface on a plane without distortion, by the very appropriate illustration of an inflated globe pressed flat, by which means the flattened surface was puckered and distorted, Mr. G. proceeded to point out the various means by which the distortion is equalized—noticing the advantages and disadvantages of each;—the orthographic projection, in which all the oblique circles are ellipses; the stereographic, in which they are all circles,—and which, of course, is the only one to which the principles of common geometry are strictly applicable; the globular, in which there is less distortion in the countries than in the others, and of which the lines are circles, though not susceptible of exact calculation; and the developement, with equal divisions of the equator and meridian, and the lines all cutting at right angles, which has the least distortion of any, but in which the meridians and parallels are transcendental curves, were severally explained and compared with each other. Then followed the developement of the sphere by means of the cone and the cylinder---the former well adapted for the representation of countries of small dimensions, and the latter the foundation of Mercator's chart;—and Mr. Gardner concluded with an outline of the method of triangular surveying, the modes of measuring base lines, and of applying the survey to the map. The advantages of Col. Colby's beautiful inventions of the compensation rods, and Drummond's brilliant lamp, were clearly pointed out.

Such a lecture is highly useful in showing how easy it is to render popular the scientific part of geography, which, in the common modes of teaching, is almost wholly neglected. If the Society would thus give occasional explanations of the sciences upon which the Arts are founded, they would confer a great benefit upon the public.

There were some singular geographical documents and works in the room.

A fac-simile of the old map preserved at Hereford, with the *Monoculi*, the *Acephali*, the *Umbralabri*, and all the other marvels of the ancients. Barrow's magnetic globe, with all the curves of equal variation, is a most singular document; and now that the identity of electricity, magnetism, light, and heat, is all but established, some important conclusions may be drawn from the comparison of those curves with the atmospheric character of the places. The one hemisphere reversed upon the other to show the antipodes, is curious, and we believe new.

There were some of the finest specimens of English and French map-making; and a model of a portion of country, was so well copied in light and shade by one of the Ordnance draftsmen, that it was difficult to distinguish the surface from the solid.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 29.—George Bellas Greenough, esq., President, in the chair. A paper was first read by Channing Pearce, esq., F. G. S., 'On the Apriocrinites, or Pear Encrinite,' found at Bradford, in Wiltshire; and afterwards, a memoir by Col. Charles Silvertop, F. G. S., 'On the tertiary formation of the Province of Granada, and part of that of Savilla.'

At the meeting held on the 15th instant, Col. Colby presented to the Society by order of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 'the Townland Survey of the County of Londonderry;' and Capt. Beaufort presented by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a complete set of the Admiralty charts.

June 12.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. Members were elected and the following communications read:—1st, A notice on some specimens from the coal shale of Kujlkeagh, and the subjacent limestone in the county of Fermanagh, by Sir Philip Egerton. 2d, On the osseous caves in the neighbourhood of Palermo, by Mr. S. Peace Pratt. 3d, Description of a mass of meteoric iron, found in the province of Zacatecas, Mexico; and of other masses of similar iron in Potosi, at the little town of Charcas and Pablazon, near

Catorce, by Captain Colquhoun, R.A. This paper was accompanied by a specimen of the Zacatecas iron, which was presented to the Society. 4th, A letter from Mr. James Gardner, geographer, addressed to Mr. Murchison, on the relative position of land and water with respect to the antipodes.

Numerous donations were laid upon the table from Mr. Sturz, Sir P. Egerton, Mr. James Sowerby, Mr. S. P. Pratt, Captain Colquhoun, Mr. H. C. White, and Mr. W. P. Richards.

At the close of this meeting the Society adjourned till November.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

May 21.—T. A. Knight, esq., in the chair. A paper by the President, was read, on the means of obtaining abundant autumnal crops of the double-bearing hautbois strawberry. By a somewhat similar practice, Mr. Knight states that Keen's seedling, the old scarlet, and other excellent sorts of strawberry, may be made to yield plentiful supplies a second time in the same season. These latter would, however, be derived from the old plants, and not from the early runners, as in the case of the hautbois.

The splendour of the cactuses, from Sir E. Antrobus's garden at Cheam, the azaleas, pœonias, &c., in the rooms, has been seldom equalled even at these attractive exhibitions, and almost obscured many plants of extreme beauty, but of smaller magnitude; among the latter we noticed the *Schiganthus retusus*, *Gladiolus blandus*, *Oncidium papilio*, Hybrid calceolarias, *Iris tenax*, &c. Mr. Grayson, of Mortlake, contributed specimens of asparagus, the united weight of 110 heads of which was 31½ lbs., and Sir A. Hume a seedling pœonia from *P. papaveracea*.

Notice was given that the lectures on botany were to be discontinued.

June 4.—A communication from the gardener of Sir E. Antrobus was read, explanatory of the mode pursued by him in bringing the cactus to the perfection which was manifested in the specimens sent to the last meeting of the Society. These plants were about two years old, and the number of blossoms on them as follows: the cactus *speciosus* two hundred, the cactus *speciosissimus* seventy-two, and the cactus *Jenkinsoni* one hundred and ninety-four.

The collection of flowers exhibited was very extensive. The azaleas, robinias, lilies, lupines, and penstemons, especially, were in great variety and very handsome.

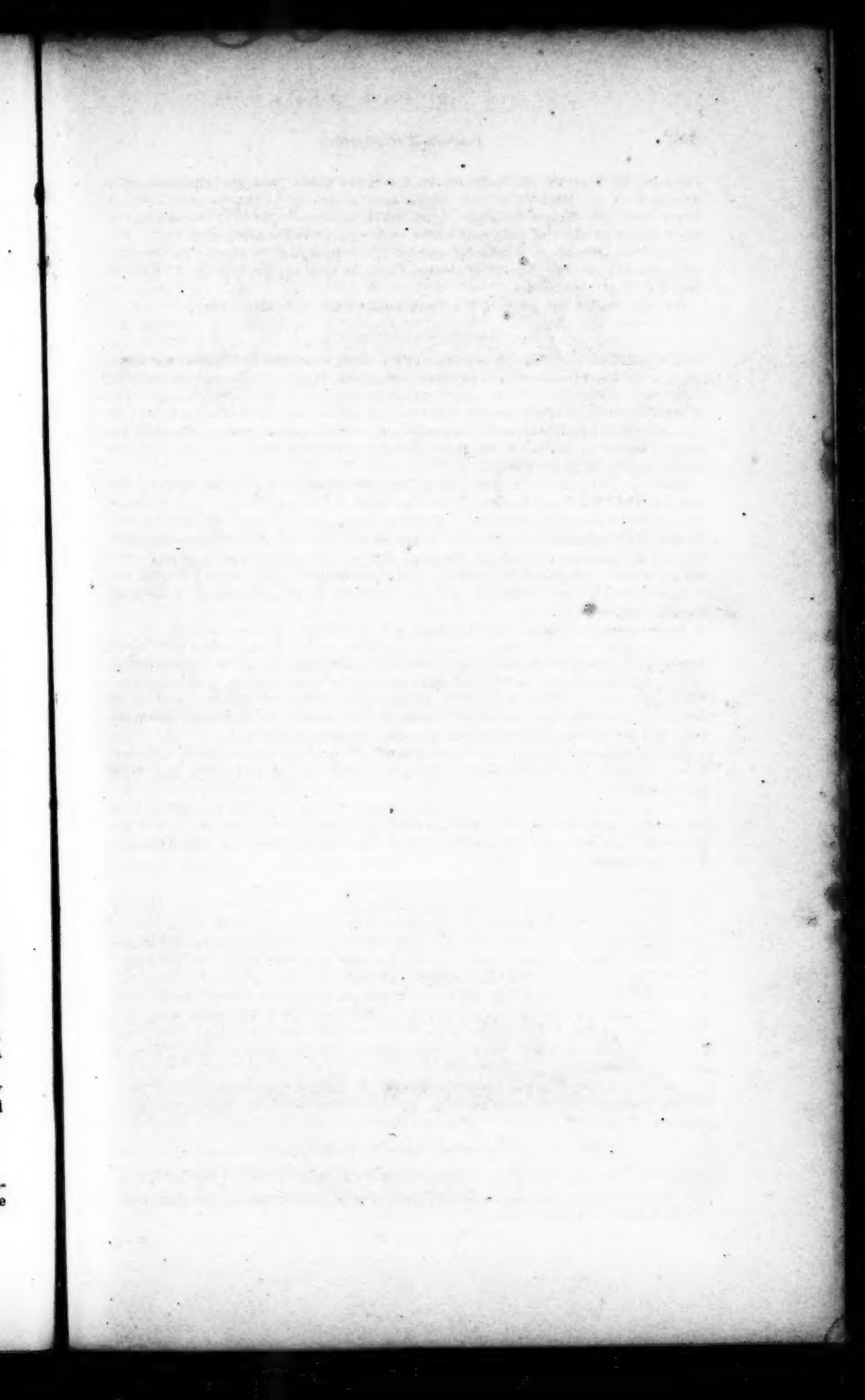
Five gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society. Notice was given that the second exhibition at the Garden would take place on the 22d inst.; and the names of the successful competitors for the medals bestowed on the 25th ult. were announced.

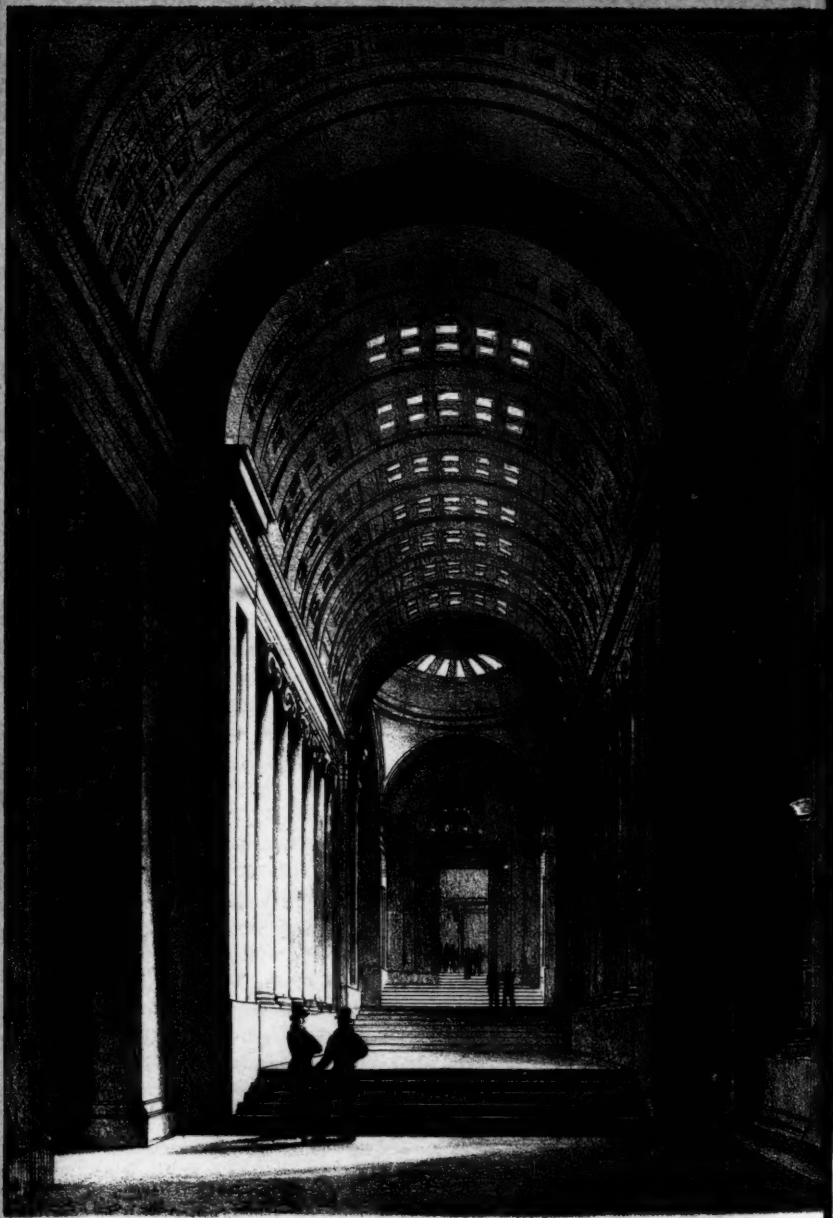
ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 28.—Colonel Sykes in the chair. The table was covered with skins of various species of mammalia, &c., presented since the last meeting, including that of a fine leopard; one of a cat of large size, and considered to be as yet undescribed; a rare species of monkey, not previously in the Society's collection, the *sempnopithecus cucullatus* of French authors; a species of *paradoxurus*, and a large bat from India, belonging to the genus *pteropus* of Cuvier. Among the birds, an unknown hornbill, and a fine specimen of the Patagonian penguin. With some reptiles, was a preserved skin of the crocodile of India, considered by Cuvier to be identical with that of Egypt; and two snakes, one of them a cobra di capello of large size.

The secretary read a paper by the Rev. F. W. Hope, describing several new genera and species of coleopterous insects, illustrated by many beautiful drawings.

ERRATA.—P. 108, l. 19, for "merat" read "meruit." P. 114, l. 23, for "misfortune with many more instances of musing," read "misfortunes, with many more instances of an amusing nature."





*Perspective View of the Gallery of Approach to the New House of Commons, as
proposed by*

Francis Goodwin,

Architect.